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SWEET LAVENDER.



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1897.

IS INDIA MISGOVERNED?

The most marvelous spectacle of Imperial dominion that has been presented in the history of mankind is held up to us to-day in British India. In that vast region, almost a Continent, no fewer than 300,000,000 human beings are absolutely dominated and controlled by a body of alien Englishmen which, including civilians as well as soldiers, and white women and children as well as men, does not number 600,000; that is to say, falls short of constituting one-fifth of one per cent of the population of the country. Under the circumstances, it seems impossible that representative institutions could ever be applied in India, nor are we likely to see them applied in the present generation. In view of their stupendous responsibilities and omnipresent dangers, the small body of Englishmen must govern as the Romans governed the Mediterranean world; that is, by autocratic methods. The Romans, however, bequeathed to us two patterns of autocratic government. Under the Republic they governed ill, whereas under the Empire, for a considerable period at least, they governed admirably. Which of these models have the English followed? It is incessantly alleged by the Indian vernacular press, and the assertion finds occasionally an echo in London newspapers and on the floor of the House of Commons, that with no show of justice can the Indian revenues be lavished upon alien and unsympathetic rulers who are steadily impoverishing the country, and even causing famines, not only by useless military expenditure within or on its borders, but also by sending large portions of their salaries out of the country to meet the expenses of families in England, and, finally, by spending, on retirement, their pensions and savings there. The existing system is, in fact, described as one of highly organized robbery.

Let us hear the other side. We shall find it set forth with lucidity and moderation in the current number of the London *National Review*, by a distinguished representative of the Indian civil service, Sir H. M. Birdwood, lately a member of the Governor's Council at Bombay. Aliens, he must needs admit that Englishmen are, but is it true that they are unsympathetic rulers? Do the people of India themselves regard Englishmen as unsympathetic, and as plunderers of the wealth of the multitudinous nations that form the Indian Empire? Do they want Englishmen to go? Have Englishmen really caused the famine, or do recent experiences warrant the conclusion that the Imperial Civil Service, which includes not only Englishmen but natives of India educated in England, can be still further reduced in numbers with due regard to the principle that the public service shall always be so organized that, while all possible effect is given to the policy of advancing the material and moral prosperity of the people, the maintenance of British supremacy shall not be impaired? Every one of these pertinent inquiries is answered in the negative by the writer in the *National Review*, who seems competent to vouch for the views of Indian taxpayers, seeing that during the last thirty-eight years he has lived in various parts of the Bombay Presidency, has always been on cordial terms with the people, and counts among them some of his best friends. So far as he can judge, the people of India at large regard English officials as their true well-wishers, who know their wants, listen patiently to their grievances, and give redress impartially whenever this is possible. We are assured that such an attitude toward the peasantry is in accordance with the best traditions of the public services, and that there is no ground for supposing that these traditions have been weakened of late years. Sir H. M. Birdwood has had, he tells us, ample opportunity of noting the stuff that the junior officers are made of, and feels confident that in no previous century of the history of India has more practical sympathy been shown by the rulers for the dumb millions than in the century now coming to a close. There is an obvious reason why the English should be

more broadly sympathetic than were many of the rulers in the past. The Indian caste system raises barriers between men of different castes which have no existence as between Englishmen and the people of India generally. By way of example we are informed that not long ago men of the higher castes objected strongly to the admission of low-caste boys to certain schools. If there were no Englishmen unsympathetic toward the caste system, but sympathetic toward the people as a whole, to enforce the enjoyment of equal rights, the low-caste children would probably be kept out of the State schools altogether. It would be rightly accounted fatal to the good name of Englishmen if they were to show favoritism in such cases.

As to famines and their causes, Sir H. M. Birdwood avers that neither the dwellers in cities nor the dwellers in villages have yet been persuaded to believe either that famines are produced, or that their evils are intensified, by the action of the British authorities. On the contrary, the people ascribe the famines to their ordinary and real causes, namely the successive failures of monsoon rains, and they are learning that even the Forest Department, to which, when misunderstood, some exception was taken, is maintained for the purpose not only of increasing the supply of fuel and of fodder for cattle, but of preventing the denudation of the hilly districts by monsoon rains and of influencing, if possible, even the rainfall itself. As to the alleged inability of the ryot to tide over the failure of even a single harvest with the aid of food already stored, or of the means to purchase food, the personal testimony of a former Collector at Poona is adduced, to the effect that in 1891, when the failure of harvests in many parts of the country was almost complete, yet although very little assistance was given by the government in providing work even for the laboring classes, no acute distress was felt. The revenue was nearly all collected, and it was found to be useless to open relief works, because the people would not go to them. It is submitted that an ounce of solid fact, thus attested, must outweigh a balloonful of gaseous conjectures.

It appears that an Indian gentleman, lately in England, announced that he would allow the Calcutta authorities four years in which to prepare for the impending cataclysm which was to be, he said, the inevitable outcome of the growing estrangement between Indians and Anglo-Indians. Sir H. M. Birdwood does not question that such a view may be honestly held, but he points out that there cannot be a rebellion without rebels; and he does not hesitate to say that unless his own experience deceives him utterly, the natives of India who are hostile to England, and desire the downfall of her rule, are absolutely insignificant in numbers and influence as compared with the millions who are satisfied with it, and desire its continuance.

THE GROWTH OF ENGLAND'S WEALTH DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA.

SOME statistics, lately published in London, bring out in a striking, even startling, way the increase of England's material resources during the reign of the present queen. Notwithstanding the decline in the value of land, and the consequent shrinkage in the incomes of the landed gentry, the wealth of the English people, considered as a whole, has been enormously distended during the last sixty years. Is it true, however, that the wealth is very unevenly distributed, and that, while the rich have grown richer, the poor have become poorer? To this question, which is usually put with a triumphant expectation of an affirmative answer, a conclusive negative is given by the income-tax returns. The truth is that not only has pauperism diminished, but people of the middle class, under which term we comprehend, of course, those possessed of moderate means, have increased much more considerably than have the very rich. This assertion, which bears the aspect of a paradox, is susceptible of arithmetical proof.

First, with regard to pauperism, the evidence furnished by statistics shows that in the spring of 1896 poor-relief was given to 739,021 individuals, whereas it had to be administered to 897,370 in 1857. This, although the population of England and Wales had grown in forty years from nineteen millions to over thirty millions. In 1857 the ratio of paupers to inhabitants was

more than 47 in 1,000; in 1896 the ratio was 24 in 1,000. This diminution of pauperism is evidently due to the fact that not only is there more work to be done, but the work is paid for at a higher rate than was ever before known in England. As to the expansion of the demand for labor, it will suffice to note that during the quarter of a century before the repeal of the Corn laws in 1846, the total value of the exports of English merchandise was one thousand and eighty-five millions of pounds sterling. On the other hand, the quarter of a century from 1871 to 1896 raised the total value of English exports to six thousand, two hundred and ninety-nine millions of pounds sterling; and this, in the face of the great and continuous fall of prices during recent years. England's import trade has expanded in even greater proportions. The total value of imports of merchandise during the years 1871 to 1895 was nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three millions of pounds sterling. So tremendous an increase of the business with the great markets of the world meant obviously a vast extension of employment among the masses at home. In view of the intensified pressure of a demand for labor, there is nothing surprising in the fact that the ratio of paupers to inhabitants should have fallen about one-half during the last forty years.

Next to ocean commerce and manufactures, the growth of England's wealth during the Victorian era is mainly due to railway building and to mining enterprise. In 1845 the whole United Kingdom possessed only two thousand, four hundred miles of iron-way. The capital invested was only eighty-eight millions of pounds sterling. Before 1850 the capital expended for railway construction had increased to two hundred and thirty millions; to-day the aggregate mileage of the United Kingdom falls but little, if at all, short of twenty thousand, and the total cost has been six hundred and thirty million pounds. The gross annual income is sixty millions of pounds sterling. To bring out still more clearly the part played by the steam locomotive in the creation of England's wealth, we may mention that in 1855 the total of the capital represented by the United Kingdom railways was £297,584,709. In 1894, the latest date for which the Board of Trade returns have been published, the total was £985,387,855. In other words, the railway investments in the British Isles had increased by nearly £700,000,-000.

What are the relations in respect of annual money value which the yield of subterranean labor has borne to the work done by steam upon the surface of the earth? In 1855 the value of all the minerals brought to the light of day was expressed by the figures £29,579,001. The gross earnings of railways in the same year were £21,507,599. The comparison shows that in the year named the mines exceeded the railways in annual value by some eight millions of pounds sterling. Forty years later the balance was more than redressed. In 1894 the total valuation of the mineral output was £80,990,453. The entire railway receipts that year were £84,310,831. In other words, the surface opulence of the United Kingdom had not only made good its former inferiority to the subterranean wealth, but had advanced beyond that rival by nearly three and a half million pounds.

We turn now to the proof that the results of commercial, manufacturing, railway, and mining enterprise have been distributed not very unequally between the rich and the poor. As those who earn less than \$750 a year pay no income-tax at all, we shall find it convenient to compare those taxpayers whose incomes range from \$750 up to \$5,000, with those whose incomes exceed the last named figure. Now, it appears that between 1850 and 1897, while the population of the whole United Kingdom only increased from 28,000,000 to 38,000,000, the income-tax payers have increased from one million and a half to nearly eight millions. This increase belongs almost wholly to the middle class. The number of persons who may be fairly described as plutocrats is not much larger than it was half a century ago. In 1850 the incomes of fifty thousand pounds sterling and upward numbered 72,000; in 1897 they did not quite reach 100,000. Other interesting figures may be cited with reference to the question whether the rich are becoming richer and the poor poorer. In 1800 the whole wealth of the United Kingdom was computed at two hundred

and forty million pounds sterling. Of that amount the workers took one hundred and eleven million pounds, leaving for the middle classes and the rich one hundred and thirty million pounds. Three-quarters of a century later, or more exactly, in 1881, the total of national wealth was one thousand, three hundred millions of pounds sterling. Of this the workers had six hundred and sixty millions. It follows that the working classes had, from being twenty millions of pounds sterling behind the rich at the opening of the century, advanced twenty millions beyond the rich toward its close. From these figures the inference seems fair, and, indeed, irresistible, that railways and other inventions have contributed to the material prosperity of all classes equally, and have not enriched the capitalists alone.

While the poor have had their share of it, there is no doubt that the unexampled increase of the national wealth has enabled plutocrats to encroach upon the aristocracy. When Queen Victoria was crowned, although half a century had passed since the second Pitt had declared that "every man with forty thousand a year has a right to a peerage," the forerunners of the magnates who sway London society to-day had scarcely appeared. The men who had realized great fortunes in business, but who did not belong, on the one hand, to the wealthy territorial noblesse, or to the financial plutocracy, on the other, might be counted on the figures of a single hand. The Guests, the Crawshays in the iron-trade, were not yet forthcoming. The Listers, the Holdens, and some others were, to be sure, already prosperous manufacturers in the Bradford district. The brewing interest already knew its Basses and its Guinesses. The peerages and the baronetcies, however, which these families have since acquired were reserved for a much later stage of the reign. The gradual advancement of the great retail traders, like Peters Robinson or Maple, to corresponding dignities did not take place until our own decade. It is also noteworthy that the social polish and refinement, which are the attributes of the new rich to-day, were undreamed of half a century ago. Coarse splendor and rude plenty characterized the entertainments of the early Victorian plutocracy, as they had marked the hospitality of Saxon or Norman times. It is now, on the other hand, a commonplace to say that none can foretell where the movement toward comfort, if not toward luxury, which has set in with all classes in England, is to stop. Not only have the wages of the working classes and the pay of professional and every kind of skilled industry increased at a rate formerly supposed to be impossible, but every shilling buys from thirty to fifty per cent more than formerly of the necessities and conveniences of life. If the movement to which we have referred goes on at the rate exhibited during the last half century, the economical and social conditions of the English people can hardly fail to be more satisfactory than those which will be presented in any other part of the world.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "*Helen's Babies*," etc., etc.

THE outbreak of yellow fever in a small Southern village did not create much of a scare, for the South has learned to quarantine small towns by means of shotguns, thus keeping the inhabitants from entering other districts. To establish such precautionary measures against New Orleans, in which the dreaded disease has broken out, will be impossible, and the surrounding country is in a state of alarm. Unless, however, New Orleans has forgotten some past experiences, she can easily restrict the fever to its present immediate locality. Cases of the disease were not unknown during the period of military occupation of 1862-63, but the infection never spread beyond the square—seldom beyond the houses—in which the cases were discovered. There was no cruelty nor any fuss in the method, which consisted merely in preventing personal communication with other parts of the city, and a few armed guards were equal to this duty. Local government in New Orleans is far better than it was in the days when "Yellow Jack" visited all parts of the city and disappeared only after killing all inhabitants who were susceptible to his influence.

For Canada to journey to Kansas for her fall and winter supply of apples shows how the vagaries of the weather, like the proverbial touch of nature, makes the world akin. When the season is what the farmers call "just right"—which means just right for themselves—Canada produces apples as fine as can be found on the face of the earth; some Americans, patriotic in other respects, believe them finer, and have their own apple-cellar stored by Toronto packers. The present writer,

at the risk of being expatriated by some of his friends, insists that south of the St. Lawrence there are no apples better than some that may be seen at agricultural fairs in the Canadian province of Ontario, although through some mysterious twisting of isothermal lines, or perhaps some "natural selection" of soil, the finest apple country in the Union is not the great orchard region of the Lake shore, opposite Ontario, but in far-away Arkansas. A competitive show of apples from Arkansas and Ontario would give the nature-sharps of the world something entirely new to squabble over, unless perchance the delicious quality of the apples themselves were to cause the possible disputants to proclaim a truce on the basis of the brotherhood of all men who could produce fruit so delicious.

Through peaceful expeditions like the apple-searching of Canada in Kansas have come some of the greatest incidents and turning-points of the world's history. Had not a bad growing season thirty-six centuries ago sent wheat above the dollar-mark in Western Asia, the patriarch Jacob would not have sent to Egypt for grain and found his long-lost son Joseph, the entire family of Jacob would not have been invited to "homestead" in the land of Goshen, there would have been no Red Sea crossing to puzzle military leaders of all subsequent ages, no five books of Moses and ten lost tribes for commentators to quarrel over, nor would a single family have developed into a race that has caused more talk than any other single strain of human blood. Canada's visit to Kansas may not seem pregnant of consequences so momentous, but if the Northern visitors returned to their homes, tell the whole truth of what they saw on the fertile, teeming soil of Kansas, there is likely to be a southwestward emigration of a class of Canadians that would do Kansas or any other prairie State a lot of good. A "blend" of Canadian cold brains and the feverish blood to which we owe a lot of Kansas vagaries, all of which combined are not worth one Kansas apple, would produce a new strain that would give the original Yankee a hard tussle.

Our fleet of battleships has been drilling off the Virginia capes and far to the eastward of the route of coastwise travel, so the only communications that reached shore came by homing pigeons and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The latter did not remain long with the fleet, but probably the officers and men were not astonished at his short stay. Genuine target practice—not the "sub-caliber" kind—with the guns of the main battery of a battleship cannot by any means be made enjoyable to a civilian; it is the duty that the veteran sailors themselves least enjoy; most of them would prefer a week of bad weather to a day of handling of big guns with service charges. To the ordinary civilian who chances to be on the vessel a single shot from a ten, twelve or thirteen-inch gun is enough for a lifetime; it suggests the crack o' doom, a tornado, a volcano, an earthquake, and a lot of other undesirable shocks rolled into one, and even the most excitement-loving boys aboard wouldn't have a single repetition if they could avoid it. It is an unequalled preventive of the supposed but nonexistent desire of our navy to get into a fight with some other navy.

The work of the homing pigeons sent from the fleet is believed to be the best that has ever been done from sea to shore. The homing pigeon, erroneously called carrier pigeon, is seldom equal to the reputation of his class: experts insist that he finds his way by sight only, and amateurs and experts alike find that he needs much training before he can be trusted to traverse short distances. Yet the North Atlantic fleet was at least forty miles off shore, so the birds had to rise very high to get their bearings; their home was the Norfolk Navy Yard, more than ten miles inland, yet a hundred minutes was all the time consumed by the message from the time it left the flag-ship until it reached Washington by telegraph.

A few years ago COLLIER'S WEEKLY, then called ONCE A WEEK, published Frank Stockton's brilliant story, "The Great War Syndicate," which told how a war between Great Britain and this country was conducted for the United States by a commercial company which for a cash consideration provided the ships, men and appliances, beat the enemy handsomely and left our government free to give its whole mind to paying the bills and reading the war news. There were no failures of admirals nor even any intrigues to displace one admiral by another who had specially influential friends in Congress. There were no sudden calls for more men and money; no charges of corruption; no opposition press; contractors did all the work for a sum distinctly specified in advance. The plan thus suggested for war is about to be tried for all governmental duties of our sister republic of Honduras, where an American syndicate has contracted to "run the government" for a million dollars per year, getting its pay through the custom-houses, which it is to manage, and it also contracts to take care of the national debt. The national income being removed from official hands, there will no longer be any excuses for revolutions, civil war, or even going into politics, and the people will be enabled to attend solely to their personal affairs.

No business man doubts that could the United States make a similar arrangement with a commercial company our annual deficit and some other chronic nuisances would disappear like a summer cloud. Financiers may be no more honest than elective officers, but they have more practical sense about business transactions, in which all civilized governments principally consist. The quantity of government—in the proper sense of the word—that is done in the United States is too small to be perceptible. General interests that individuals cannot themselves manage are intrusted to classes of men selected by the people. Large commercial companies also must select many men to look after their interests; the difference between the two methods is that business men select their working force solely on the basis of honesty and special ability; the people do not. With trained business men caring for the interests of the community we would quickly be rid of the silver question and the currency question, the internal revenue and the tariff would cease to unsettle private business, the pension swindles would be stopped, likewise the public buildings swindles, Congress would be reduced to harmlessness, demagogues would have to

go to the poorhouse for lack of something about which to agitate, and the people would have only themselves and their neighbors to grumble at. Blissful dream!

In the summer time, known in literature as "the silly season," some one is sure to pop up with indications of pain in his countenance to declare that some one else, generally a writer of fiction, has been untrue in his renderings of negro dialect. From the tone of certain complaints it would appear to the man or woman who has never been in the South that negro dialect is used and guarded as carefully as the "Queen's English" at Oxford or Cambridge in England or at Boston in the United States (although English is persistently and brutally mutilated at all of these places). The truth is that the individual negro, being above all things imitative, modifies and enlarges his dialect at every possible opportunity, and as "The second thief is the best owner" his neighbors are quick to adopt any new expression which he may have used. As a consequence, thousands of expressions of steamboatmen, commercial travelers, railway men, merchants and town loafers have made their way into plantations and negro settlements all over the South; the bemoaned "expressions that no negro would use" are merely those that no negro has heard. The maintenance of original quality is commendable in personal character and in standard brands of liquors, medicines, eggs and other supposed necessities of life, but negro dialect cannot remain unchanged long enough to establish a standard.

A reader of COLLIER'S WEEKLY writes me, concerning one of my statements regarding the increasing activity of the iron trade, that "a single swallow doesn't make a summer." This is quite true, but as the output of our blast furnaces is now more than twenty thousand tons per week greater than it was in the corresponding week of last month, the relevancy of the allusion to a "single swallow" is not apparent. The Pittsburg district, as good an indicator as there is of the general condition of the iron trade, is producing weekly more than nine-tenths the full possible yield of its blast furnaces; a higher proportion of working mills is not to be expected in the most prosperous times, except through a rare combination of circumstances. Some people are so constituted that they cannot see prosperity until it makes its way into their own pockets; such people deserve pity of the quality usually accorded to the blind and the constitutionally hopeless.

Kansas City is about the last place in which an American would expect to find snobbery in full bloom, but one can never tell where weeds will spring up. The city is to have a flower show, with a queen and all that sort of delightful thing, and as handsome young women are not overabundant anywhere the surrounding country has been searched for damsels slightly enough to serve as maids of honor to her Floral Majesty. At Chillicothe, about fifty miles away, was found a young woman described as beautiful and of stately presence, as well as charming and accomplished. She was in employment as a "shader" of tobacco—a position requiring great abilities, which nevertheless are not thus applied by society women, so Chillicothe's "Four Hundred" telegraphed the awful truth to the chairman of the Floral Committee, who replied—also by wire—"The business occupation of the young lady is considered a barrier." It is sometimes said out there that New York is merely an annex of Kansas City; now we know what they mean.

How much good can be done by reforms in a single department of a city's government is significantly indicated by comparisons of the death rate of New York in the last five years. In the first eight months of 1893 the death rate exceeded twenty-seven to the thousand inhabitants. A lot of nuisances that vitiated the water supply were suppressed, and in the first eight months of 1894 the death rate fell to little more than twenty-three to the thousand. Meanwhile, the pavements of many streets of the most thickly inhabited districts were changed from rough stone, which no sweeping and washing could clear of filth, to asphalt, which could be made as clean as a floor, and a reformed street-cleaning department did its work so thoroughly that the most careless classes themselves took interest in having their garbage removed, so the death rate of the first eight months of 1897 was but a little in excess of twenty to the thousand—a decrease of seven to the thousand in five years. Going from percentages to actual numbers, the excess of deaths in the first eight months of 1893 over the corresponding period of the present year was nearly ten thousand more persons than were killed on either side in the bloodiest battle of the Civil War. Here is a fact of which genuine reformers of city governments cannot make too much, for the commonest people can understand it.

The pearl fever that broke out in portions of the Southwest several weeks ago has subsided quite as rapidly as many others of its kind. Once in five or six years in the present century the finding of a few good pearls has set sections of the country wild with excitement, and at such times no one has thought to remind the searchers that even in the most productive pearl fisheries of the world the proportion of good pearls to worthless ones is very small. Pearl hunting in the United States may be profitable business to boys and tramps, but the Western farmers who stopped harvesting to rake creek-mud and explore mussel-shells deserve pity and need quinine.

One of the peculiarities of good times that is not mentioned in bad times is that better prices and increased demand for wheat, corn, iron, wool, cotton, etc., means higher prices to consumers. Flour has already gone up, coal and clothing must soon follow, and everything else will feel the influence of general prosperity. The increase will not be sudden and great, but consumers who have money with which to buy are sure to save more than the interest on their money by buying quickly. Fortunately there has been a steady decrease in the expenses of manufacture of many necessities; this is one of the good results of bad times, and it will be permanent.

The Klondyke craze has reached the stage at which it becomes advisable for every one to "stand from under." The highest authority on the Klondyke region—Professor Dawson, the noted Canadian geologist—does

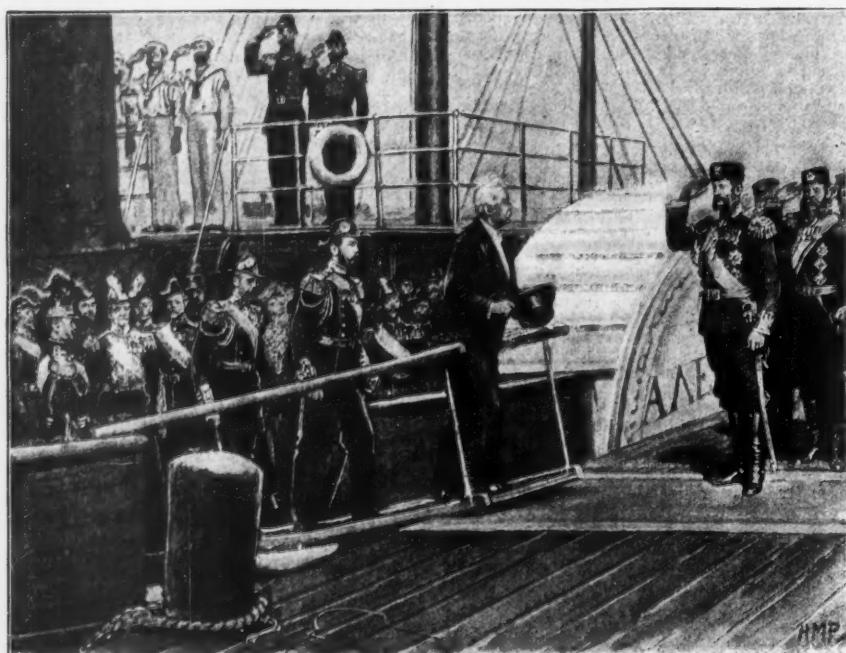
(Continued on page 6.)



OUT DOOR PERFORMANCE OF AS YOU LIKE IT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON
MISS ADA REHAN



ETON CREWS ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL
EAST GOING
BOAT FILLS



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH VISITS THE CZAR ON BOARD THE "ALEXANDRIA"



THE DUKE OF YORK AS A KNIGHT
OF ST PATRICK



THE NEW HORSELESS
CARRIAGE

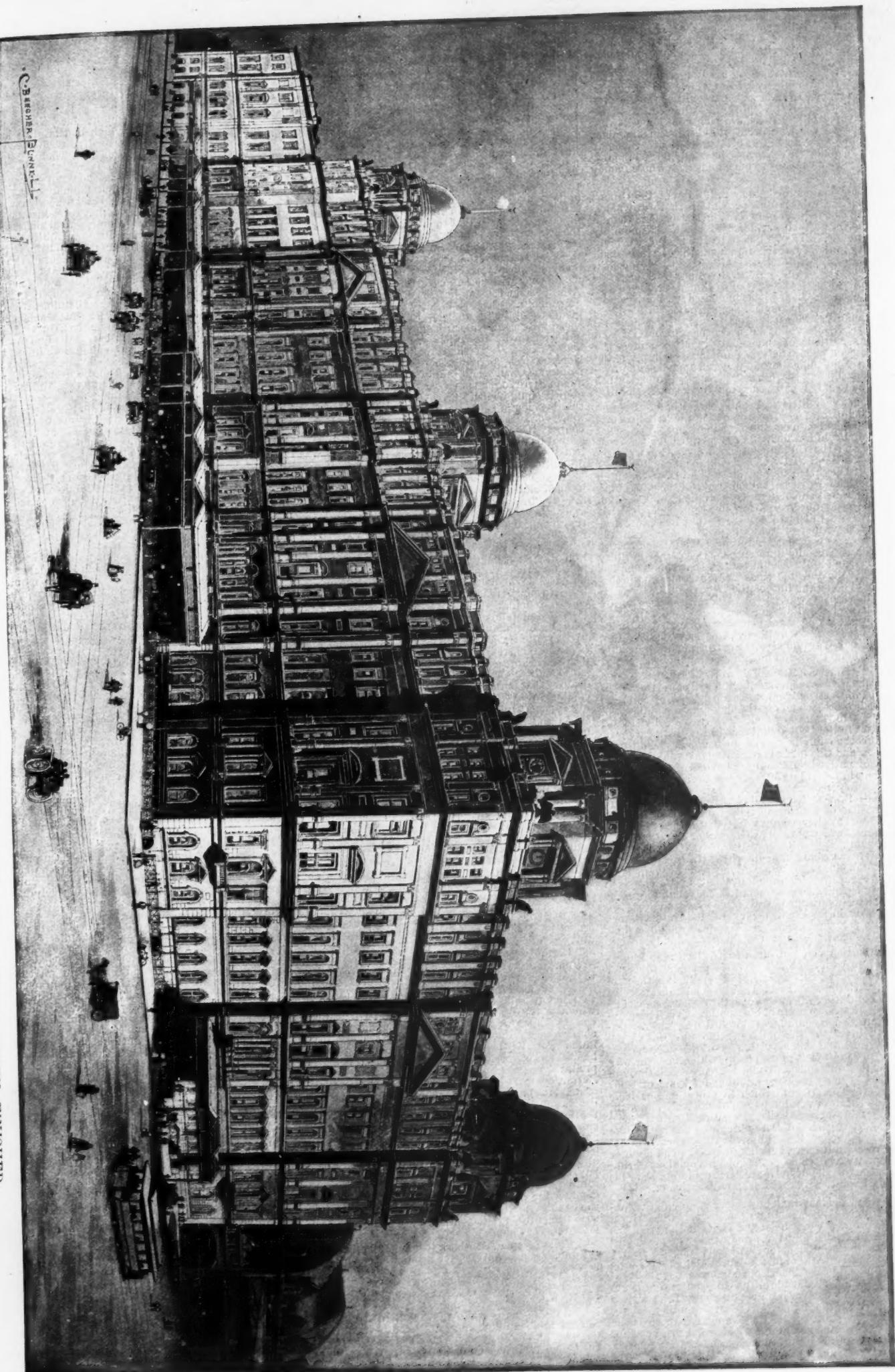


BRITISH TROUBLES IN AFGHANISTAN THE ASSAULT ON LUNDI KOYAL



SNAP SHOTS AT MT BELLEW CO GALWAY
IRELAND

SOME FOREIGN PICTURES.



THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

not estimate the probable yield at more than sixty million dollars—a sum that has been exceeded by single American gulches long ago abandoned, yet the so-called Klondyke River is itself a mere gulch. To speculate in this probable yield English companies with fifty millions capital have already been started, to say nothing of the various American and Canadian companies. Large capital in gold mining enterprises can seldom become remunerative except by discovering and "developing" the veins of ore from which the placer deposits came, but the Alaska ranges will be the most expensive in the world to "prospect" and work. In far more favored climes there are rich gold deposits that cannot be worked at a profit, the distance from labor, fuel, supplies, water, etc., being too great. Stock in Klondyke gold companies may be safely left to the few people who have money to burn and those whose money burns their pockets.

Rhode Island is the banner mill State of the Union; in proportion to area and population there are many more mills of various kinds within her borders than in any other State of the Union. Prosperity has not only begun in Rhode Island, but it has increased so rapidly that the mills are busier now than they have been in years. Nearly all the closed mills have been reopened, and in some of them the operatives are working overtime; in at least two cases the workmen have been surprised by having their wages increased without request, and some new mills are being constructed with all possible rapidity. The new work is not being done on speculation; most of it is in response to orders from different portions of the country, and as almost the entire output is of articles of common consumption, the orders are an indication of general financial improvement throughout the other States. If prosperity has not come to stay it is at least making a superb "bluff."

It takes very little to excite some people. Because Lord Chelmsford, a retired officer of the British army, has been looking over the Canadian line to see what should and could be done in case of war between Great Britain and the United States, a lot of Americans on our side of the St. Lawrence have become as "wrought up" as if they were in the midst of a hot wave with a mosquito cloud to keep it company. Probably a hundred other British soldiers have studied the Canadian frontier—and our own—for the same purpose that brought Lord Chelmsford over; if they have not, Britain has been more careless here than she is in the vicinity of any of her European, Asiatic or African neighbors. The only difference between other military observers and Lord Chelmsford is that the latter has talked a little, and told what Britain could and probably would do on the line of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence in case of war. Such American pulses as are feverish over Lord Chelmsford's utterances may be quieted on learning that the military line above alluded to has been studied by many American soldiers also, and that our War and Navy Departments know exactly what to do up there and how to do it, should war occur.

One assumed condition of war of which Lord Chelmsford spoke with evident satisfaction will cause the Union to smile all the way from the eastern coast of Maine to the westernmost island of Alaska. Said the old gentleman: "There would always, I believe, be a division of sentiment in the United States as to the justification of any war that might spring up between Britain and America, and this division of sentiment would result in a lack of enthusiasm." There has been a division of sentiment in Britain itself regarding every war in which that country has engaged. As to that, his lordship and his fellow-Britons would do well to contemplate the division of sentiment that would affect Canada should her mother country fall to fighting with us. Canadians have worked hard for what they own, and they would not care to risk their lives and property in a quarrel over something in which they are not concerned. Aside from annexationists, of whom it is polite to say the Dominion has but few, there is a strong independence sentiment in Canada, and it might easily be incited to successful action by a desire to avoid taking part in an English war with the United States. Britain's policy of making her colonists and allies fight her battles has not escaped Canadian eyes and intellects.

Any portion of the United States has some indication of prosperity—or the reverse—peculiar to itself. In New York, at this season of the year, it is the condition of the sidewalks of the drygoods district. In September during the last two or three years these sidewalks have been so clear of obstructions that a Sunday-school procession could have marched over them without risk to any of the children's clothing, but at the present time the outer portion is walled closely and high with cases awaiting shipment, while the clear way is so narrow that Indians could scarcely sneak through it in single file without scratching off some of their war-paint. The streets, which in other seasons have been the scene of scratch games of noonday handball, are now more crowded than Broadway with wagons, and the altercations of the entangled drivers are like unto the language that illuminates the air when muleteams meet in a narrow mountain pass. The doubter of prosperity who would not change his opinions during a short walk in the drygoods district could not have his mental disabilities removed even with a pickax.

It is now evident that however the speculative exchanges may raise or depress the price of wheat for a day or two at a time the actual value of the grain has not been exceeded and the price can by no possibility decrease materially before another crop is nearly ready to harvest. Should the world's aggregate crop be light next year, American corn will get its long-expected innings. Outside of the United States corn and its products have never been popular substitutes for the flour of wheat, rye and barley. Foreign millers do not like to grind corn, nor do they know how to treat the meal, which, unless thoroughly dried, has a way of taking unto itself a nauseating taste, and many early shipments of American meal disgusted for the period of a generation every one who tried them; as one victim remarked, "It tasted like the smell of mice." Nevertheless a large minority of the American people eat cornmeal bread by preference, and can show better physiques than similar communities of farmers, and on parched corn and nothing else thousands of Confederate

soldiers did as good marching and fighting as was ever done by the best troops of Europe. When Europeans learn to eat corn products they will be better off physically and financially, while Americans—well, corn is the only possible crop of the poorer farmers, who have waited long for their chance to become forehand.

Immigration Commissioner Powderly begins well; he protests against Louise Michel or any other anarchist being permitted to land in the United States. It is high time for this country to make it clear to all foreign scatterbrains, as well as all foreign nations that would gladly be rid of them, that liberty does not mean license, and that a nation which above all others should be law-abiding will not permit the entrance of fools who insist upon the abolition of law. Mr. Powderly has had unusual experience—more of it than any police officer—with men willing and anxious to ignore all laws that their own desires might be fulfilled; for while a labor agitator he had no end of trouble with the more unscrupulous members of many bodies of strikers. It is gratifying to learn that the wisdom he gained is now at the service of his country.

President McKinley returned to Washington last week and found the office-seekers waiting for him. Some of them were Congressmen, with lists of men whom they wished removed from office in their respective districts, the implication being that the said Congressmen, not the President, would make the appointments to fill the vacancies. Evidently the extension of the civil service rules, made by the President, is regarded as a bit of fiction—a bit of "pandering to the better classes." If there really must be at the White House a weigher and recorder of Congressmen's appointments, why not frankly face the matter and put a man there for the purpose? Such a man, of sufficient ability, could be had for five thousand dollars per year; the President's salary is ten times this sum; besides, a much-forgotten state paper called the Constitution charges the President with important duties which he cannot by any possibility perform while he is compelled to assist Congressmen in paying their weary, endless list of political debts.

The true inwardness of Southern lynchings has again been disclosed. Near Griffin, Ga., a white woman was attacked by a colored man, and a gang of men immediately started in pursuit of the scoundrel. In the woods they chanced upon a darky—darkies being more numerous than any game in Southern woods. The man was quickly caught and arrangements were made to roast him alive; but he protested so stoutly that he had done nothing wrong anywhere but steal a jug of whisky that he succeeded in delaying the proceedings until he could have an opportunity to prove an alibi, which he succeeded in doing. The only strange feature of the affair is that the fellow was not lynched for stealing the whisky, for liquor is quite as precious as woman to the "poor white trash" who do most of the Southern lynchings; and hatred and jealousy of the negro—not the negroes' crimes—is at the bottom of most of the fiendish slaughter that continues to disgrace a section of country that is full of natural inducements to labor and capital, yet in which some of the natives persist in making outsiders imagine that "only man is vile."

As the newspaper press of all Northern States is unanimous in demanding that Southern Lynchers shall be arrested and punished, there ought to be a similar general expression regarding the recent lynching of five Indians. The act was without a single palliating feature, for the crime charged was not against the person, the victims being common thieves and burglars; all were under lock and key in the county jail, and some of them had already been indicted. The mob, like any other mob, was simply angry, unrestrained, and consequently murderous. The names of the members could be discovered within a week or two by any one of a hundred detectives who would like the job, and as India is abundantly supplied with jails and courts there need be no fear of a rescue, a miscarriage of justice, or that refuge of cowardly communities, "an overawing of public sentiment." The Governor talks vigorously on the general subject, as many other Governors have done, but no one will attach any importance to talk until the members of the mob are jailed and legal proceedings begin.

America has again invaded England—peaceably, and to the profit of all concerned. Some tons of Minnesota butter, made in the creameries of that State, were sent to London, sold in competition with Danish butter, which is the best of the salted variety that English consumers know, and, despite freight and refrigerator charges over a line five thousand miles long, it paid as much profit as the manufacturers could expect in the home market, besides giving the London retailers a profit far in excess of any that Americans dare charge. Butter, compared with wheat, may seem a small article of export, but a large demand for it would have a benignant influence upon our farmers; for it is one of the few articles of American manufacture that never can be depressed in price by "old stock." It also enables the single-handed farmer—the man with many acres which he cannot till properly because he cannot afford to hire labor—to change cornfields, which seldom pay, into pastures for cows, and also improve the sources of our domestic beef supply. A steady foreign demand for American butter would be worth more to the country than all possible foreign demands for railroad iron, although this is sold by the ton while butter is sold by the pound.

Efforts of some Southern iron manufacturers to get the government contract for armor for our battleships is causing some surprise in the iron trade; for the Southerners seem entirely in earnest, despite the fact that certain Northern concerns have already the costly "plants" necessary for the work. The struggle will bear watching; for while the Northern men have unlimited facilities and money the Southerners have the cheapest and most available combination of material in the Union, and it would do the Union spirit of the South much good to have some of the work for our new navy done down there. It should not be forgotten that one of the most vigorous and practical advocates of the strengthening of our force afloat has been the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Herbert, a veteran of the Confederate army, and from the Southern State that produces most iron.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

AT Bristol, Pa., a fortnight since, the sexton of St. James's opened a vault which had been sealed a hundred years ago. In it was a live toad. Less recently Sir George Wilkinson found in a Theban tomb a hermetically closed vase. In it were grains of wheat. There they had lain for three thousand years. Planted, they grew apace and produced abundantly. A mathematician heard a poem read and asked what it proved. But I doubt whether he asked what these instances demonstrate, and yet at the deduction to which they lead I have seen gentlemen of entire amiability froth at the mouth. For it follows from them that there is no such thing as time. The latter is a figment of the imagination, a condition of thought. Were it otherwise, were there really such a phenomenon, its duration or brevity would affect everything that is. But it does nothing of the sort. Time passes over all things without leaving the slightest trace. That which acts upon them are causes that unroll themselves in time, but not time itself. When, therefore, a body is withdrawn from chemical action, as the mammoth in ice, the fly in amber, the wheat in that sealed vase, ages may pass and leave them unchanged. The discovery of the toad—a discovery by no means unique, for similar instances have been reported again and again—shows that even animal life may be suspended and prolonged, provided the suspension is begun in the dormant period and favorably maintained. But here is another example. Let a body once be put in motion and that motion would be unending were it not for the reaction of physical causes. In the same manner a body in repose would remain so eternally were not these causes constantly at work. Time has nothing to do with it, and for the very good reason that there is no such thing.

I am delighted to hear that Milan of Servia has come into a pot of money. He is a thoroughly disreputable person, but what of that? If kings are to behave as ordinary folk I fail to see of what use they can be. We don't look to them for guidance spiritual, political, or even artistic. What we do require is that they shall so deport themselves that we can talk about and denounce them. It does them no harm and makes us feel all the more virtuous. Besides, kings disrowned go forth not citizens but outlawed men, and that is always spectacular. We expect them to be wicked. If they are not, we feel cheated. Then, too, this gentleman is not as bad as he is painted. He couldn't be. In dull viciousness Leopold of Belgium is infinitely his superior. At the feet of the last King of Holland he could have sat and learned a lesson. Then look at the Georges. Consider the annals of the courts of Germany, of Italy and of Spain. The trouble with Milan is that he is common. He is the descendant of a swineherd, and he shows it. He can't be splendid in his debaucheries, he don't know how. When a crowned head can't be that his usefulness must cease. But that is a quality which is departing with the monarchies. The last real king that reigned in Europe was the Bavarian Ludwig. He was so magnificent that Europe thought him mad. Milan is not magnificent. He is not even mad. At best he is a lunatic with lucid intervals in which he is simply stupid.

When that Princess of Utopia, the Queen of Sheba, had pirouetted before Saint Anthony she smiled and said: "But smile too, beautiful hermit, smile too. I am very gay, you shall see. I strum the lyre. I dance as a bee does. I know a hundred stories each more diverting than the other. I have treasures closed in galleries in which you lose yourself as in a wood. I have palaces of dressed straw for summer, winter homes of spotted marble. In the center of lakes, great as seas. I have islands round as silver pieces. They are covered with mother-of-pearl, and the warm waves that lap them make music. I have milliners to drape my robes, jewelers to set my gems, dressers to braid my hair, and painters, very attentive, who pour on the wainscots bubbling colors which they cool with fans. But come, beautiful hermit, come and see." So spake the Princess of Utopia. The Saint turned his back. The invitation of Cleo de Merode is in much the same lisp. "I dance quaint dances," she announced to New York. "I dance the minuet, the gavotte and pavane. I know music very well. I know, too, how to arrange a basket of fruit, place flowers in a jardiniere, and touch a book without spoiling it. I am gowned by a real dressmaker. I wear stockings that are fine as woven mist. I have a necklace of five big diamonds. I have jeweled rings, brooches, pins and buckles unnumberable. But come, come and see." Let us imitate Saint Anthony.

President Andrews of Brown has stated in the current "Cosmopolitan" that "large parts of classical literature reek with filth." To this a Mr. Arthur Marks Cummings of Boston objects. In a reply in which indignation struggles with grammar he resents what he calls the imputation and asks, "Cannot the enemies of classical study find valid arguments without resorting to wild, whirling words which disclose either an astonishing ignorance or a lamentable recklessness?" I may be in error, I frequently am, but I think that the wild, whirling words are Mr. Cummings', the ignorance as well. There are two antiquities, one which really existed and one which has been built by pedagogues for the use of schools—a shan of sophisms and stucco. It is that which this gentleman has accepted and which President Andrews has not. The latter is entirely correct. Of the great writers of Greece not one is decent. Aristophanes is by no means exceptional. The Oedipus of Sophocles, which is placed by scholiasts and critics at the very summit of Greek tragic art, is performed now and again, but only after abundant cuts. There is a law which prevents the sale of a translation. So, too, with even an attempt at an exact

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LORRAINE

A ROMANCE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The King in Yellow," "The Red Republic," etc., etc.

DEDICATED TO GEORGE FRANCIS DONNELL TRASK

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE author desires to express his acknowledgments to Messrs. Victor Duruy, Archibald Forbes, Sir William Fraser, Dr. J. von Pfugk-Hartung, G. Tissandier, Comdt. Grandin, and "Un Officier de Marine," for their valuable volumes concerning (wholly or in part) the events of 1870-1871.

Occasionally the author has deemed it best to change the names of villages, officers, and regiments or battalions.

The author believes that the romance separated from the facts should leave the historical basis virtually accurate.

R. W. C.

November, 1896.

LORRAINE!

When Yesterday shall dawn again,

And the long line athwart the hill

Shall quicken with the bugle's thrill—

Thine own shall come to thee, Lorraine!

Then in each vineyard, vale, and plain

The quiet dead shall stir the earth

And rise, reborn, in thy new birth—

Thou holy mother-maid, Lorraine!

Is it in vain thy sweet tears stain

Thy mother's breast? Her castled crest

Is lifted now! God guide her quest!

She seeks thine own for thee, Lorraine!

So Yesterday shall live again,

And the steel line along the Rhine

Shall curiass thee and all that's thine.

God lives—thy God—divine Lorraine!

R. W. C.

I.

A MAKER OF MAPS.

THERE was a rustle in the bushes, the sound of twigs snapping, a soft footfall on the dead leaves.

Marche stopped, took his pipe out of his mouth, and listened.

Patter! patter! patter! over the crackling under-brush, now near, now far away in the depths of the forest; then, sudden silence—the silence that startles.

He turned his head warily, right, left; he knelt noiselessly, striving to pierce the thicket with his restless eyes. After moment he arose on tip-toe, unslung his gun, cocked both barrels, and listened again, pipe tightly clinched between his white teeth.

All around lay the beautiful Lorraine forests, dim and sweet, dusky as velvet in their leafy depths. A single sunbeam, striking obliquely through the brush tangle, powdered the forest mould with gold.

He heard the little river Lisse, flowing, flowing, where green branches swept its placid surface with a thousand new-born leaves; he heard a thrush singing in the summer wind.

Suddenly, far ahead, something gray shambled loosely across the path, leaped a brush heap, slunk under a fallen tree, and loped on again.

For a moment, Marche refused to believe his own eyes. A wolf in Lorraine! A big gray timber wolf, here, within a mile of the Chateau Morteyn! He could see it yet, gliding like a shadow among the trees. Before he knew it he was following, running noiselessly over the soft mossy path, holding his little shotgun tightly. As he ran, his eyes fixed on the spot where the wolf had disappeared, he began to doubt his senses again—he began to believe that the thing he saw was some shaggy sheep-dog from the Moselle, astray in the Lorraine forests. But he held his pace, his pipe gripped in his teeth, his gun swinging at his side. Presently, as he turned into a grass-grown carrefour, a mere waste of wild flowers and tangled briars, he caught his ankle in a strand of ivy and fell headlong. Sprawling there on the moss and dead leaves the sound of human voices struck his ear, and he sat up, scowling and rubbing his knees.

The voices came nearer; two people were approaching the carrefour. Jack Marche, angry and dirty, looked through the bushes, stanching a long scratch on his wrist with his pocket-handkerchief. The people were in sight now, a man, tall, square-shouldered, striding swiftly through the woods, followed by a young girl. Twice she sprang forward and seized him by the arm, but he shook her off roughly and stalked on. As they entered the carrefour, the girl ran in front of him and pushed him back with all her force.

"Come now," said the man, recovering his balance, "you had better stop this before I lose patience. Go back!"

The girl, flushed and indignant, barred his way with arms outstretched.

"What are you doing in my woods?" she demanded; "answer me! I will know this time!"

"Let me pass!" sneered the man. He held a roll of

papers in one hand; in the other a steel compass that glittered in the sun.

"I shall not let you pass!" she said desperately; "you shall not pass! I wish to know what it means—why you and the others come into my woods and make maps of every path, of every brook, of every bridge—yes, of every wall and tree and rock! I have seen you before—you and the others. You are strangers in my country!"

"Get out of my path," said the man sullenly.

"Then give me that map you have made! I know what you are! You come from across the Rhine!"

The man scowled and stepped toward her.

"You are a German!" she cried passionately.

"You little fool!" he answered; and, seizing her arm, he shook her brutally. The scarlet skirt fluttered, the little velvet bodice ripped from shoulder to shoulder, the heavy burnished hair tumbled down over her eyes.

In a flash Marche had the man by the throat. He held him there, striking him again and again in the face. Twice the man tried to stab him with the steel compasses, but Marche dragged them out of his fist and hammered him until he choked and spluttered and collapsed on the ground. But he staggered to his feet again and lurched into the thicket of second growth. There he tripped and fell as Marche had fallen on the ivy, but, unlike Marche, he wriggled under the bushes and ran on, stooping low, never glancing back.

The impulse that comes to men to shoot when anything is running for safety came over Marche for an instant. Instinctively he raised his gun, hesitated, lowered it, still watching the running man with cold bright eyes.

"Well," he said, turning to the girl behind him, "he's gone now. Ought I to have fired? He has torn your bodice and your skirt!"

The girl stood breathless, cheeks afire, tangled hair, shadowing her eyes.

"We have the map," she said, with a little gasp.

Marche picked up a crumpled roll of paper from the ground and opened it. It contained a rough topographical sketch of the surrounding country, a detail of a dozen small forest paths, a map of the whole course of the river Lisse from its source to its junction with the Moselle, and a beautiful plan of the Chateau de Nesville.

"That is my house!" said the girl—"he has a map of my house!"

"The Chateau de Nesville?" asked Marche, astonished.

"Yes. I'm Lorraine. Didn't you know it?"

"Lorraine de Nesville?" he repeated, curiously.

"Yes. How dare that German to come into my woods and make maps and carry them back across the Rhine! I have seen him before—twice—drawing and measuring along the park wall. I told my father, but he thinks only of his balloons. I have seen others, too—other strange men in the chase—always measuring or staring about or drawing. Why? What do Germans want of maps of France? I thought of it all day—every day; I watched, I listened in the forest. And do you know what I think?"

"What?" asked Marche.

She pushed back her splendid hair and faced him.

"War!" she said in a low voice.

"War?" he repeated stupidly.

She stretched out an arm toward the east, then, with a passionate gesture, she stepped to his side. "War! Yes, war! war! war! I cannot tell you how I know it—I ask myself how—and to myself I answer: 'It is coming! I, Lorraine, know it!'"

The fierce light of prophecy flashed from her eyes, blue as corn-flowers in July; her hair glittered like masses of coiled flame.

"It is in dreams I see and hear now—in dreams; and I see the vineyards black with helmets, and the Moselle redder than the setting sun, and over all the land of France I see bayonets, moving, moving, like the Rhine in flood."

The light in her eyes died out; she straightened up; her lithe young body trembled.

"I have never said this before to any one," she began, more quietly; "my father does not listen when I speak. I did not mean to say it to you—"

He did not answer, but stood awkwardly, folding and unfolding the crumpled maps.

"You are the vicomte's nephew—a guest at the Chateau Morteyn?" she asked.

"Yes," said Marche.

"Then you are Monsieur Jack Marche?"

He took off his shooting cap and laughed frankly. "You find me carrying a gun on your grounds," he said; "I'm sure you take me for a poacher."

She glanced at his leggings, smiling faintly.

"Now," he began, "I ask permission to explain; I am afraid that you will be inclined to doubt my explanation; I almost doubt it myself, but here it is. Do you know that there are wolves in these woods?"

"Wolves?" she faltered.

"I saw one; I followed it to this carrefour."

She leaned against a tree; her hands fell to her sides.

There was a silence. Then she said: "You will not believe what I am going to say; you will call it superstition—perhaps stupidity. But, do you know that wolves have never appeared along the Moselle except

before a battle? Seventy years ago they were seen before the battle of Colmar. That was the last time. And now they appear again."

"I may have been mistaken," he said slowly; "those shaggy sheep dogs from the Moselle are very much like timber wolves in color. Tell me, Mademoiselle de Nesville, why should you believe that we are going to have a war? Two weeks ago the Emperor spoke of the perfect tranquillity of Europe. France seeks no quarrels. Because a brute of a German comes sneaking into these woods to satisfy his national thirst for prying, I don't see why war should result."

"War did result," she said, smiling again and glancing at his torn shooting coat—"I haven't even thanked you yet, Monsieur Marche—for your victory."

With a sudden gesture, proud, yet half shy, she held out both hands and he took them in his own hands, bronzed and brier-scratched.

"I thought," she said, withdrawing her fingers, "that I ought to give you an American 'shake-hands.'"

She looked down at her scarlet skirt, touched a triangular tear in it, and, partly turning her head, raised her arms and twisted the tangled hair into a heavy burnished knot at her neck.

"You wear the costume of Lorraine," he ventured.

"Is it not pretty? I love it. Alone in the house I always wear it—the scarlet skirt banded with black, the velvet bodice and silver chains—oh! he broke my chain, too! Ah! but I am untidy, Monsieur Marche!"

He leaned on his gun, watching her, fascinated with the grace of her white fingers twisting the hair.

"To think that you should have first seen me so! I, Lorraine de Nesville—I blush for myself. What will they say at the Chateau Morteyn?"

"But I shall tell nobody," cried Marche.

"Then you are very honorable, and I thank you. Mon Dieu! they talk enough about me—you have heard them—do not deny it, Monsieur Marche. It is always, 'Lorraine did this, Lorraine did that, Lorraine is shocking, Lorraine is silly, Lorraine—' O Dieu! que sais-je! Poor Lorraine!"

"Poor Lorraine," he repeated solemnly. They both laughed.

"I know all about the house party at the Chateau Morteyn," she resumed, repairing a tear in her velvet bodice with a hairpin. "I was invited, as you probably know, Monsieur Marche, but I did not go, and doubtless the old vicomte is saying: 'I wonder why Lorraine does not come!' and Madame de Morteyn replies: 'Lorraine is a very uncertain quantity, my dear.' Oh, I am sure that they are saying these things."

"I think I heard some such dialogue yesterday," said Marche, much amused. Lorraine raised her head and looked at him.

"You think I am a crazy child in tatters, neglected and wild as a falcon from the Vosges. I know you do. Everybody thinks so, and everybody pities me and my father. Why? Parbleu! he makes experiments with airships that they don't understand. Voila! As for me I am more than happy. I have my forest and my fields; I have my horses and my books; I dress as I choose; I go where I choose. Am I not happy, Monsieur Marche?"

"I should say," he admitted, "that you are."

"You see," she continued, with a pretty confidential nod, "I can talk to you because you are the vicomte's American nephew, and I have heard all about you and your lovely sister, and it is all right—isn't it?"

"It is," said Marche fervently.

"Of course. Now I shall tell you why I did not go to the chateau and meet your sister and the others. Perhaps you will not comprehend. Shall I tell you?"

"I'll attempt to comprehend," said Marche, laughing.

"Well then—would you believe it, I—Lorraine de Nesville—have outgrown my clothes, monsieur, and my beautiful new gowns are coming from Paris this week, and then—!"

"Then?" repeated Marche.

"Then you shall see," said Lorraine gravely.

Jack, bewildered, fascinated, stood leaning on his gun, watching every movement of the lithe figuré before him.

"Until your gowns arrive I shall not see you again?" he asked.

She looked up quickly.

"Do you wish to?"

"Very much!" he blurted out; and then, aware of the fervor which he had shown, repeated, "Very much—if you don't mind," in a subdued but anxious voice.

Again she raised her eyes to his, doubtfully; perhaps a little wistfully.

"It wouldn't be right—would it?"

He was silent.

"Still," she said, looking up into the sky, "I often come to the river below—usually after luncheon."

"I wonder if there are any gudgeon there," he said; "I could bring a rod—"

"Oh—but are you coming? Is that right? I think there are fish there," she added innocently—"and I usually come after luncheon."

"And when your gowns arrive from Paris—"

"Then! Then you shall see—Foi de Nesville! I shall be a very different person; I shall be timid and silent and stupid and awkward, and I shall answer 'Oui, monsieur; non, monsieur,' and you will behold in me the jeune fille of romances."

"Don't!" he protested.

"I shall!" she cried, shaking out her scarlet skirts full breadth. "Good-by!"

In a second she had gone, straight away through the forest, leaving in his ears the music of her voice, on his finger tips the touch of her warm hand.

He stood, leaning on his gun—a minute, an hour—he did not know.

Presently earthly sounds began to come back to drown the delicious harmony in his ears; he heard the little river Lisse flowing, flowing under green branches; he heard a throat singing in the summer wind; he heard, far in the deeper forest, something passing, patter, patter, patter, over the dead leaves.

II.

TELEGRAMS FOR TWO.

JACK MARCHE tucked his gun under his arm and turned away along the over-grown wood-road that stretched from the De Nesville forests to the more open woods of Morteyn.

He walked slowly, head bent, puffing his pipe, pondering over his encounter with the châtelaine of the Château de Nesville. He thought too of the old Vicomte de Morteyn and his gentle wife, of the little house-party of which he and his sister Dorothy made two, of Sir Thorald and Lady Hesketh, their youthful and totally irresponsible chaperones on the journey from Paris to Morteyn.

"They're lunching on the Lisse," he thought; "I'll not get a bite if Ricky is there."

Then he thought of Lorraine again, and then, again, of his aunt Madame de Morteyn.

When Madame de Morteyn wrote to Sir Thorald and Lady Hesketh on the first of July, she asked them to chaperon her two nieces and some other pretty girls in the American colony whom they might wish to bring for a month to Morteyn.

"The devil," said Sir Thorald, when he read the letter, "am I to pick out the girls, Molly?"

"Betty and I will select the men," said Lady Hesketh sweetly; "you may do as you please."

He did. He suggested a great many and wrote a list for his wife. That prudent young woman carefully crossed out every name, saying, "Thorald! I am ashamed of you!" and substituted another list. She had chosen, besides Dorothy Marche and Betty Castlemaine, the two nieces in question, Barbara Lisle and her inseparable little German friend, Alixe von Elster; also the latter's brother, Rickerl, or Ricky, as he was called in diplomatic circles. She closed the list with Cecil Page, because she knew that Betty Castlemaine, Madame de Morteyn's younger niece, looked kindly, at times, upon this blonde giant. Cecil was Betty's shadow—when she permitted it.

And so it happened that the whole party invaded three first-class compartments of an east-bound train at the Gare de l'Est, and twenty-two hours later were trooping up the terrace steps of the Château Morteyn, here in the forests and fragrant meadows of Lorraine.

Madame de Morteyn kissed all the girls on both cheeks, and the old vicomte embraced his nieces Betty Castlemaine and Dorothy Marche, and threatened to kiss the others, including Molly Hesketh. He desisted, he assured them, only because he feared Sir Thorald might feel bound to follow his example; to which Lady Hesketh replied that she didn't care, and smiled at the vicomte.

The days had flown very swiftly for all: Jack Marche taught Barbara Lisle to fish for gudgeon, Betty Castlemaine tormented Cecil Page to his infinitely miserable delight, Ricky von Elster made tender eyes at Dorothy Marche and rowed her up and down the Lisse, and his sister Alixe read sentimental verses under the beech trees, and sighed for the sweet mysteries that young German girls sigh for—heart-friendships, lovers, ewigkeit—God knows what!—something or other that turns the heart to tears until everything slops over and the very heavens sob.

They were happy enough together in the chateau and out of doors. Little incidents occurred that might not have occurred, but apparently no scars were left, nor any incurable pang. True, Molly Hesketh made eyes at Ricky von Elster; but she reproved him bitterly when he kissed her hand in the orangery one evening; true, also, that Sir Thorald whispered airy nothings into the shell-like ear of Alixe von Elster, until that German maiden didn't know whether she was afoot or a-horseback. But, except for the chaperons, the unmarried people did well enough, as unmarried people usually do when let alone.

So, on that cloudless day of July, 1870, Rickerl von Elster sat in the green rowboat and tugged at the oars, while Sir Thorald smoked a cigar placidly, and Lady Hesketh trailed her pointed fingers over the surface of the water.

"Ricky, my son," said Sir Thorald, "you probably gallop better than you row. Who ever heard of an Uhlan in a boat? Molly, take his oars away."

"Ricky shall row me if he wishes," replied Molly Hesketh; "and you do wish to, don't you, Ricky? Thorald, get out of the boat if you don't like it."

"I have no confidence in Uhlan officers," said her spouse darkly.

Rickerl looked pleased, the perspiration stood on his colorless brows, and his broad face glowed.

"As an officer of cavalry in the Prussian army," he said, "and as an attache of the German Embassy in Paris, I suggest that we return to first principles and rejoin our base of supplies."

"He's thirsty," said Molly gravely; "the base of supplies, so long cut loose from, is there under the willows; and I see six feet two of Cecil Page carrying a case of bottles."

"Row, Ricky," urged Sir Thorald; "they will leave nothing for Uhlan foragers!"

The boat rubbed its nose against the mossy bank; Lady Hesketh placed her fair hands in Ricky's chubby ones and sprang to the shore.

"Cecil Page," she said, "I am thirsty this minute, and what I may be in another minute I dare not suggest. Where are the others?"

Betty Castlemaine and Dorothy Marche sat up in the tall grass and called imperiously for refreshment.

"Charles brought the hamper; there it is," said Cecil, as Barbara Lisle and sentimental little Alixe von Elster strolled up, biting lovingly from the same sandwich.

Cecil Page stood first on one foot, then on the other, until Dorothy took pity and made room on the moss beside her.

"Can't you have a little mercy, Betty?" she whispered. "Cecil moons like a wounded elephant."

So Betty smiled at him and asked for more salad, and Cecil brought it and basked in her smiles.

"Where is Jack Marche?" asked Molly Hesketh. "Dorothy, your brother went into the chase with a gun—and where is he?"

"What does he want to shoot in July? It's too late for rooks," said Sir Thorald, pouring out champagne-cup for Barbara Lisle.

"I don't know where Jack went," said Dorothy. "He heard one of the keepers complain of the hawks, so I suppose he took a gun. I wonder why that strange Lorraine de Nesville doesn't come to call. I am simply dying to see her."

"I saw her once," observed Sir Thorald.

"You generally do," added his wife.

"What?"

"See what others don't."

Sir Thorald, a trifle disconcerted, applied himself to caviare and later to a bottle of Moselle. Barbara Lisle smiled.

"She's a beauty, they say," began Ricky, and might have continued had he not caught the danger signal in Molly Hesketh's black eyes.

"Lorraine de Nesville," said Lady Hesketh, "is only a child of seventeen. Her father makes balloons."

"Not the little red squeaky kind," added Sir Thorald. "Molly, he is an amateur aeronaut."

"He'd much better take care of Lorraine. The poor child runs wild all over the country. They say she rides like a witch on a broom—"

"Astride!" cried Sir Thorald.

"For shame!" said his wife. "I—I—upon my word, I have heard that she has done that, too. Ricky! what do you mean by yawning?"

Ricky had been listening, mouth open. He shut it hurriedly and grew pink to the roots of his colorless hair.

Betty Castlemaine looked at Cecil, and Dorothy Marche laughed.

"What of it?" she said. "Good for Lorraine, I say! There is nobody here who dares ride astride."

"Oh, shocking!" said little Alixe, and tried to look as though she meant it.

At that moment Sir Thorald caught sight of Jack Marche, strolling up through the trees, his gun tucked under his left arm.

"No luncheon, no salad, no champagne-cup, no cigarette!" he called. "All gone! all gone! Molly's smoked my last—"

"Jack Marche, where have you been?" demanded Molly Hesketh; "no, you needn't dodge my accusing finger. Barbara, look at him!"

"It's pretty finger—if Sir Thorald will permit me," said Jack, laughing and setting his gun up against a tree. "Dorrie, didn't you save any salad? Ricky, you devouring scourge, there's not a bit of caviare. I'm hungry—oh, thanks, Betty; you did think of the prodigal, didn't you?"

"It was Cecil," she said slyly; "I was saving it for him. What did you shoot, Jack?"

"Now you people listen and I'll tell you what I didn't shoot."

"A poor little hawk?" asked Betty.

"No; a poor little wolf."

In the midst of cries of astonishment and exclamations Sir Thorald arose, waving a napkin.

"I knew it!" he said; "I knew I saw a wolf in the woods day before yesterday, but I didn't dare tell Molly; she never believes me—"

"And you deliberately chose to expose us to the danger of being eaten alive!" said Lady Hesketh in an awful voice. "Ricky, I'm going to get into that boat at once; Dorothy, Betty Castlemaine, bring Alixe and Barbara Lisle. We should embark at once—"

"Ricky and his boatload of beauty," laughed Sir Thorald. "Really, Molly, I hesitated to tell you because—I was afraid—"

"What, you horrid thing? Afraid he'd bite me?"

"Afraid you'd bite the wolf, my dear," he whispered

so that nobody but she heard it; then aloud: "I say, Ricky, we ought to have a wolf drive! What do you think?"

The subject started, all chimed in with enthusiasm except Alixe von Elster, who sat with big soulful eyes fixed on Sir Thorald and trembled for that bad young man's precious skin.

"We have two weeks to stay yet," said Cecil, glancing involuntarily at Betty Castlemaine; "we can get up a drive in a week."

"You are not going, Cecil," said Betty in a low voice, partly to practice controlling him, partly to see him blush.

Lady Hesketh, however, took enough interest in the sport to insist, and Jack Marche promised to see the head keeper at once.

"I think I see him now," said Sir Thorald—"no, it's Bosquet's boy from the post-office. I hope it's no confounded telegram that is going to break up any of our plans."

The little postman's son came trotting across the meadow waving two blue envelopes.

"Monseur le Capitaine Rickerl von Elster and Monsieur Jack Marche—two telegrams this instant from Paris; Messieurs, I salute you," and he took off his peaked cap, adding, as he saw the others: "Messieurs, Mesdames," and nodded his curly blonde head and smiled.

"Don't apologize, read your telegrams this instant!" said Lady Hesketh. "Dear me! dear me! if they take you two away and leave Thorald I shall—I shall yawn!"

Ricky's broad face changed curiously as he read his dispatch; and Molly Hesketh, shamelessly peeping over his shoulder, exclaimed: "It's cipher! How stupid! Can you understand it, Ricky?"

Yes, Rickerl von Elster understood it well enough. He paled a little, thrust the crumpled telegram into his pocket and looked vaguely at the circle of faces. After a moment he said, standing very straight: "I must leave to-morrow morning."

"Recalled? Confound your ambassador, Ricky!" said Sir Thorald. "Recalled to Paris in midsummer! Well, I'm—"

"Not to Paris," said Rickerl, with a curious catch in his voice; "to Berlin. I join my regiment at once."

At that moment Jack Marche, who had been studying his telegram with puzzled eyes, held it out to Sir Thorald.

"Can't make head or tail of it, can you?" he demanded.

Sir Thorald took it and read aloud: "New York Herald offers you your own price and all expenses. Cable if accepted."

"Cable if accepted," repeated Betty Castlemaine; "accept what?"

"Exactly! What?" said Jack. "Do they want a story? What do 'expenses' mean? I'm not going to Africa again if I know it."

"It sounds as though the 'Herald' wanted you for some expedition; it sounds as if everybody knew about the expedition—except you. Nobody ever hears any news at Morteyn," said Molly Hesketh dejectedly. "Are you going, Jack?"

"Going? Where?"

"Does your telegram throw any light on Jack's, Ricky?" asked Sir Thorald.

But Rickerl von Elster turned away without answering.

III.

SUMMER THUNDER.

WHEN the old vicomte was well enough to entertain anybody at all, which was not very often, he did it skillfully. So when he filled the chateau with young people and told them to amuse themselves and not bother him, the house-party was necessarily a success.

He himself sat all day in the sunshine, studying the week's Paris newspapers with dim, kindly eyes, or played interminable chess games with his wife on the flower terrace.

She was sixty; he had passed threescore and ten. They never strayed far from each other, perhaps because their time was nearing its end. It had always been so, from the first, and the first was when Helen Bruce of New York City married Georges Vicomte de Morteyn. That was long ago.

The chess table stood on the terrace in the shadow of the flower crowned parapets; the old vicomte sat opposite his wife, one hand touching the Black Knight, one foot propped up on a pile of cushions. He pushed the knight slowly from square to square, and twisted his white imperial with stiff fingers.

"Helen," he asked mildly, "are you bored?"

"No, dear."

Madame de Morteyn smiled at her husband and lifted a pawn in her thin blue-veined hand; but the vicomte had not finished, and she replaced the pawn and leaned back in her chair, moving the two little coffee cups aside so that she could see what her husband was doing with the knight.

From the lawn below came the chatter and laughter of girls. On the edge of the lawn the little river Lisse glided noiselessly toward the beech woods, whose depths, saturated with sunshine, rang with the mellow notes of nesting thrushes.

The middle of July had found the leaves as fresh and

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

tender as when they opened in May, the willow's silver green cooled the richer verdure of beech and sycamore; the round poplar leaves, pale yellow and orange in the sunlight, hung brilliant as lighted lanterns where the sun burned through.

"Helen?"

"Dear?"

"I am not at all certain what to do with my knight. May I have another cup of coffee?"

Madame de Morteyn poured the coffee from the little silver coffee-pot.

"It is hot; be careful, dear."

The vicomte sipped his coffee, looking at her with faded eyes. She knew what he was going to say; it was always the same, and her answer was always the same. And always, as at that first breakfast—their wedding breakfast—her pale cheeks bloomed again with a subtle color, the ghost of roses long, long dead.

"Helen, are you thinking of that morning?"

"Yes, Georges."

"Of our wedding breakfast—here—at this same table?"

"Yes, Georges."

The vicomte set his cup back in the saucer, and, trembling, poured a pale golden liquid from a decanter into two tiny glasses.

"A glass of wine?—I have the honor, my dear—"

The color touched her cheeks as their glasses met; the still air tinkled with the melody of crystal touching crystal; a golden drop fell from the brimming glasses. The young people on the lawn below were very noisy.

She placed her empty glass on the table; the delicate glow in her cheeks faded as skies fade at twilight. He, with grave head bowed on his wrist, looked vaguely at the chess-board, and saw, mirrored on every square, the eyes of his wife.

"Will you have the journals, dear?" she asked presently. She handed him the "Gaulois," and he thanked her and opened it, peering closely at the black print.

After a moment he read: "M. Ollivier declared, in the Corps Legislatif, that at no time in the history of France has the maintenance of peace been more assured than to-day." Oh, that journal is two weeks old, Helen."

"The treaty of Paris in 1856 assured peace in the Orient, and the treaty of Prague in 1866 assures peace in Germany," continued the vicomte; "I don't see why it should be necessary for Monsieur Ollivier to insist."

He dropped the paper on the stones and touched his white mustache.

"You are thinking of General Chanzy," said his wife, laughing, "you always twist your mustache like that when you're thinking of Chanzy."

He smiled, for he was thinking of Chanzy, his sword-brother; and the hot plains of Oran and the dusty columns of cavalry passed before his eyes, moving, moving, across a world of desert into the flaming disk of the setting sun.

"To-day the 16th of July, Helen?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then Chanzy is coming back from Oran. I know you dread it. We shall talk of nothing but Abd-el-Kadr, and Spahis, and Turcos, and how we lost our Kabyle tobacco at Bou-Youb."

She had heard all about it too; she knew every étape of the 48th of the line, from the camp at Sathonay to Sidi-Bel-Abbes, and from Daya to Djebel-Mikaidon. Not that she cared for sabers and red trousers, but nothing that had concerned her husband was indifferent to her.

"I hope General Chanzy will come," she said, "and tell you all about those poor Kabyles, and the Legion, and that horrid 2d Zouaves that you and he laugh over. Are you tired, dear?"

"No. Shall we play? I believe it was my move. How warm it is in the sun.—No, don't stir, dear; I like it, and my gout is better for it. What do you suppose all those young people are doing? Hear Betty Castlemaine laugh! It is very fortunate for them, Helen, that I married an American with an American's disregard of French conventionalities."

"I am very strict," said his wife, smiling; "I can survey them en chaperon."

"If you turn around. But you don't."

"I do when necessary," said Madame de Morteyn indignantly; "Molly Hesketh is there."

The vicomte laughed and picked up the knight again.

"You see," he said, waving it in the air, "that I also have become a very good American. I think no evil until it comes, and when it comes I say 'shocking'!"

"Georges!"

"That's what I say, my dear."

"Georges!"

"There, dear. I won't tease. Hark! What is that?" Madame de Morteyn leaned over the parapet.

"It is Jean Bosquet; shall I speak to him?"

"Perhaps he has the Paris papers."

"Jean!" she called; and presently the little postman came trotting up the long stone steps from the drive. Had he anything? Nothing for Monsieur le Vicomte except a bundle of the week's journals from Paris. So Madame de Morteyn took the papers, and the little postman doffed his cap again and trotted away, blue blouse fluttering and sabots echoing along the terrace pavement.

"I am tired of chess," said the old vicomte; "would you mind reading the 'Gaulois'?"

"The politics, dear?"

"Yes, the weekly summary—if it won't bore you."

"Tais-toi! Ecoute. This is dated July 8d. Shall I begin?"

"Yes, Helen."

She held the paper nearer and read: "A Paris journal publishes a dispatch through l'agence Havas which declares that a deputation from the Spanish government has left Madrid for Berlin to offer the crown of Spain to Leopold von Hohenzollern."

"What!" cried the vicomte angrily. Two chessmen tipped over and rolled among the others.

"It's what it says, mon ami. Look—see—it is exactly as I read it."

"Are those Spaniards crazy!" muttered the vicomte, tugging at his imperial. "Look, Helen, read what the next day's journal says."

His wife unfolded the paper dated the 4th of July, and found the column and read: "The press of Paris unanimously accuse the imperial government of allowing Prim and Bismarck to intrigue against the interests of France. The French ambassador, Count Benedetti, interviewed the king of Prussia at Ems, and requested him to prevent Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern's acceptance. It is rumored that the king of Prussia declined to intercede."

Madame de Morteyn tossed the journal on to the terrace and opened another.

"On the 12th of July the Spanish ambassador to Paris informed the Duc de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the Prince von Hohenzollern renounces his candidacy to the Spanish throne."

"A la bonheur!" said the vicomte, with a sigh of relief; "that settles the Hohenzollern matter. My dear, can you imagine France permitting a German prince to mount the throne of Spain? It was more than a menace—it was almost an insult. Do you remember Count Bismarck when he was ambassador to France? He is a man who fascinates me. How he used to watch the emperor. I can see him yet—those puffy pale eyes! You saw him also, dear. You remember, at St. Cloud?"

"Yes. I thought him brusque and malicious."

"I know he is at the bottom of this. I'm glad it is over. Did you finish the telegraphic news?"

"Almost all. It says—dear me! Georges!—it says that the Duc de Gramont refuses to accept any pledge from the Spanish ambassador unless that old Von Werther—the German ambassador, you know—guarantees that Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern will never again attempt to mount the Spanish throne!"

There was a silence. The old vicomte stirred restlessly and knocked over some more chessmen.

"Sufficient unto the day—" he said at last; "the Duc de Gramont is making a mistake to press the matter. The word of the Spanish ambassador is enough—until he breaks it. General Leboeuf might occupy himself in the interim—profitably, I think."

"General Leboeuf is Minister of War. What do you mean, Georges?"

"Yes, dear, Leboeuf is Minister of War."

"And you think this German prince may some time again—"

"I think France should be ready if he does. Is she ready? Not if Chanzy and I know a Turco from a Kabyle. Perhaps Count Bismarck wants us to press his king for guarantees. I don't trust him. If he does, we should not oblige him. Gramont is making a grave mistake. Suppose the king of Prussia should refuse and say it is not his affair? Then we would be obliged to accept it or—"

"Or what, Georges?"

"Or—well, my dear, or fight. But Gramont is not wicked enough nor is France crazy enough to wish to go to war over a contingency—a possibility that might never happen. I foresee a sub for our ambassador, at Ems—but that is all. Do you care to play any more? I tipped over my king and his castles."

"Perhaps it is an omen—the king of Prussia, you know—and his fortresses. I feel superstitious, Georges!"

The vicomte smiled and set the pieces up on their proper squares.

"It is settled; the Spanish ambassador pledges his word that Prince Hohenzollern will not be king of Spain. France should be satisfied. It is my move, I believe—and I move so; check to you, my dear."

"I resign, dearest. Listen! Here come the children up the terrace steps."

"But—but—Helen, you must not resign so soon; why should you?"

"Because you are already beaten," she laughed gently. "Your king and his castles and all his men! How headstrong you Chasseurs d'Afrique are!"

"I'm not beaten!" said the old man stoutly, and leaned closer over the board. Then he also laughed and said "Tiens! tiens! tiens!" and his wife rose and gave him her arm. Two pretty girls came running up the terrace and the old vicomte stood up crying: "Children! Naughty ones! I see you coming. Madame de Morteyn has beaten me at chess. Laugh if you dare! Betty Castlemaine, I see you smiling."

"I?" laughed that young lady, turning her flushed face from her aunt to her uncle.

"Yes, you did," repeated the vicomte, "and you are not the niece that I love any more. Where have you

been? And you, Dorothy Marche, your hair is very much tangled."

"We have been lunching by the Lisse," said Dorothy,

"and Jack caught a gudgeon; here it is!"

"Pooh!" said the old vicomte, "I must show them how to fish. Helen, I shall go fishing—"

"Some time," said his wife gently. "Betty, where are the men?"

"Jack and Barbara Lisle are fishing; Sir Thorald and Lady Heesketh are in the green boat, and Ricky is rowing them. The others are somewhere. Ricky got a telegram and must go to Berlin."

"You tell Rickerl von Elster that his king is making mischief," laughed the vicomte, "and he can go back to Berlin when he chooses." Then smiling at the young flushed faces he leaned on his wife's arm and passed slowly along the terrace toward the house.

"I wonder why Lorraine has not come," he said to his wife. "Won't she come to-night for the dance?"

"Lorraine is a very sweet but a very uncertain girl," replied Madame de Morteyn. She led him through the great bay window, opening on the terrace, drew his easy-chair before his desk, placed the journals before him, and, stooping, kissed him.

"If you want me, send Charles. I really ought to be with the young people a moment. I shall not go far. I wonder why Ricky must go."

"How far away are you going, Helen?"

"Only to the Lisse."

"Then I shall read about Monsieur Bismarck and his Spanish friends until you come. The day is long without you."

They smiled at each other, and she sat down by the window.

"Read," she said. "I can see my children from here. I wonder why Ricky is going."

Suddenly in the silence of the summer noon, far in the east, a dull sound shook the stillness. Again they heard it, again and yet again—a deep boom that throbbed and throbbed, muttering, reverberating like summer thunder.

"Why should they fire cannon to-day, Helen?" asked the old man querulously; and again, "Why should they fire cannon beyond the Rhine?"

"It is thunder," she said gently; "it will storm before long."

Yes, it would storm and the land would reel—but not with rain. Yes, it would storm, and the tempest, rolling across the horizon where the Moselle slipped between its vine-clad banks, would shake all France till the throne of the empire tottered and crashed to the dust, and the scepter of gold and the crown fell down, and the Golden Bees on the Tuilleries took flight for evermore.

"I am tired," said the old man; "Helen, I shall sleep. Sit by me—so—no, nearer yet! Are the children happy?"

"Yes, dear."

"When the cannon cease I shall fall asleep. Listen! what is that?"

"A blackbird singing in the pear tree."

"And what is that—that sound of galloping? Look from the window, Helen."

"It is a gendarme riding fast toward the Rhine."

IV.

THE FARANDOLE.

THAT evening Dorothy Marche stood on the terrace in the moonlight waving her plumed fan and listening to the orchestra from the hamlet of Saint-Lys. The orchestra—two violins, a reed-pipe, a binion and a harp—were playing away with might and main. Through the bay-window she could see the crystal chandeliers glittering with prismatic light, the slender gilded chairs, the cabinets and canapés, golden, backed with tapestry; and everywhere massed banks of ferns and lilies. They were dancing in there; she saw Lady Heesketh floating oblivious in the determined grip of Cecil Page, she saw Sir Thorald proudly prancing to the air of the Farandole; Betty Castlemaine, Jack, Alixe, Barbara Lisle passed the window only to repose and pass again in a whirl of gauze and filmy color; and the swish! swish! swish! of silken petticoats and the rub of little feet on the polished floor grew into a rhythmic monotonous cadence beating, beating the measure of the Farandole.

Dorothy waved her fan and looked at Rickerl, standing in the moonlight beside her.

"Why don't you dance, Ricky?" she asked; "it is your last evening—if you are determined to leave tomorrow."

He turned to her with an abrupt gesture; she thought he was going to speak, but he did not, and after a moment she said: "Do you know what that dispatch from the New York 'Herald' to my brother means?"

"Yes," he said. His voice was dull, almost indifferent.

"Will you tell me?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Is—is it anything dangerous that they want him to do?"

"Yes."

"Ricky, tell me then! You frighten me."

"To-morrow, Fraulein Marche. Perhaps to-night."

"Perhaps to-night?"

"If I receive another telegram. I expect to."

"Then, if you receive another dispatch, we shall all know?" Rickerl von Elster bent his head and laid a gloved hand lightly on her own.

"I am very unhappy," he said simply. "May we not speak of other things?"

"Yes, Ricky," she said faintly. He looked almost handsome there in the moonlight; but under his evening dress the square build of the Prussian trooper, the rigid back and sturdy limbs, were perhaps too apparent for ideal civilian elegance. Dorothy looked into his serious young face. He touched his blonde mustache, felt unconsciously for the saber that was not dangling from his left hip, remembered, colored, and stood up even straighter.

"We are thinking of the same thing," said Dorothy. "I was trying to recall that last time we met. Do you remember? In Paris?"

He nodded, eyes fixed on hers.

"At the Diplomatic Ball?"

"Yes."

"And you were in uniform, and your saber was very beautiful; but do you remember how it clashed and banged on the marble stairway, and how the other attaches teased you until you tucked it under your left arm? Dear me! I was fascinated by your patent-leather saber-tache, and your little spurs that rang like tiny chimes when you walked. What sentimental creatures young girls are! Ne c'est pas, Ricky?"

"I have never forgotten that evening," he said, in a voice so low that she leaned involuntarily nearer.

"We were very young then," she said, waving her fan.

"It was not a year ago."

"We were young," she repeated coldly.

"Yet, I shall never forget—Dorothy."

She closed her fan and began to examine the fluffy plumes. Her cheeks were flushing and she bit her lips continually.

"Do you particularly admire Molly Hesketh's hand?" she asked indifferently.

He turned crimson. How could she know of the episode in the orangerie. Know? There was no mystery in that; Molly Hesketh had told her. But Rickerl von Elster, loyal in little things, saw but one solution to the exposé; Dorothy must have seen him.

"Yes, I kissed her hand," he said. He did not add that Molly had dared him.

Dorothy colored furiously, but raised her head with an icy smile.

"Is it honorable to confess such a thing?" she asked in steady tones.

"But—but you knew it; for you saw me," he stammered.

"I did not!" she flashed out, and walked straight into the house. Her heart suffocated her, and her hot face burned till every pulse throb seemed the leap of a living flame.

"Dorrie," cried her brother, as she swept by him, "what do you think! Lorraine de Nesville is coming this evening!"

"Lorraine?" said his sister. "Dear me, I am dying to see her."

"Then turn around," whispered Betty Castlemaine, leaning across from Cecil's arm: "Oh, Dorrie! What a beauty!"

At the same moment the old vicomte rose from his gilded chair and stepped forward to the threshold, saying: "Lorraine! Lorraine! Then you have come at last, little bad one?" And he kissed her white hands and led her to his wife, murmuring: "Helen, what shall we do with the little bad one who never comes to bid two old people good-day?"

"Ah, Lorraine," said Madame de Morteyn. "Kiss me, my child; kiss me, little witch. My Lorraine."

There she stood, her cheeks faintly touched with crimson, her splendid eyes shining like azure stars, the candle light setting her heavy hair aglow till it glistened and burned as molten ore flashes in a crucible. They pressed around her; she saw, through the flare of yellow light, a sea of rosy faces, a vague mist of lace set with jewels; and she smiled at them, while the color deepened in her cheeks, and the lilies at her breast trembled and quivered at every quick-drawn breath. There was music in her ears and music in her heart; and she was dancing now, dancing with a tall bronzed young fellow, who held her strong and safe, and whose eyes never left her own.

"You see," she said demurely, "that my gowns came to-day from Paris."

"It is a dream—this one," he said, smiling back into her eyes; "but I shall never forget the scarlet skirt and little bodice of velvet, and the silver chains, and your hair—"

"My hair? It is still on my head."

"It was tangled across your face—then."

"Taisez-vous, Monsieur Marche!"

"And you seem to have grown taller."

"It is my ball-gown."

"And you do not cast down your eyes and say: 'Oui, monsieur; non, monsieur.'"

"Non, Monsieur."

Again they laughed, looking into each other's eyes; and there was music in the room and music in their hearts.

When it was that the candle light gave place to moonlight, they did not remember, but they found

themselves on the terrace, seated, listening to the voice of the wind in the forest; and they heard the little river Lisse among the rushes, and the murmur of leaves on the eaves.

When they became aware of their own silence, they turned to each other with the gentle haste born of confusion, for each feared that the other might not understand. Then smiling, half fearful, they reassured each other with silence.

Already for them the noiseless night throbbed with a melody, unheard by other ears; already for them the velvet depths of the midnight glowed like the heart of a rainbow's heart; and the trees were telling them the secrets of the beginning and the end. They had heard of love; they had sometimes thought of it as children of sorcery, blinking at the nursery fire.

Of course, when it came, they would know it.

She was the first to break the silence, hesitating as one who breaks the seal of a letter, long expected, half-dreaded: "I came late because my father was restless and seemed to need me. Did you hear cannon along the Rhine?"

"It is some German fete; I thought at first it might be thunder. Give me your fan."

"My cheeks are hot. You do not hold it right. There."

"Do you feel the breeze? Your fan is perfumed; or is it the lilies on the terrace? They are dancing again; must we go back?"

She looked out into the dazzling moonlight of Lorraine; a nightingale began far away in the distant swamp; a bat darted by, turned, rose, dipped, and vanished.

"They are dancing," she repeated.

"Must we go?"

"No."

In the stillness the nightingale grew bolder; the woods seemed saturated with song.

"My father is restless; I must return soon," she said, with a little sigh. "Presently you will call my maid, will you not? And then I shall go in and make my adieus. I wish you might know my father. Will you? He would like you. He speaks to few except me. I know all that he thinks, all that he dreams of. I know also all that he has done, all that he is doing, all that he will do—God willing. Why is it I tell you this? Ma foi, I do not know. And I am going to tell you more. Do you know that my father has made a balloon?"

"Yes—everybody speaks of it," he answered gravely.

"But—ah! this is the wonderful part—he has made a balloon that can be inflated in five seconds. Think! All other balloons require a long, long while, and many tubes; and one must take them to a Usine de Gaz. My father's balloon needs no gas; that is, it needs no common illuminating gas."

"A Montgolfier?" asked Marche curiously.

"Oh, pooh! The idea! No, it is like other balloons, except that—well, there is needed merely a handful of silvery dust, which you touch a drop of water to—puff! puff! C'est fini! The balloon is filled."

"And what is this silvery dust?" he asked, laughing.

"Voila! Do you not wish you knew? I—Lorraine de Nesville—I know! It is a secret. If the time ever should come—in case of war, for instance—my father will give the secret to France—freely, without compensation—a secret that all the nations of Europe could not buy! Now—don't you wish you knew, monsieur?"

"And you know?"

"Yes," she said, with a tantalizing toss of her head.

"Then you'd better look out," he laughed; "if European nations get wind of this they might kidnap you."

"They know it already," she said seriously. "Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Russia have sent agents to my father—as though he bought and sold the welfare of his country!"

"And that map-making fellow this morning—do you suppose he might have been hanging about after that sort of thing—trying to pry and pick up some scrap of information?"

"I don't know," she said quietly. "I only saw him making maps. Listen! there are two ~~secret~~ that my father possesses—and they are both in writing. I do not know where he keeps them, but I know what they are. Shall I tell you? Then listen—I shall whisper. One is the chemical formula for the silver dust, the gas of which can fill a balloon in five seconds; the other is—you will be astonished—is the plan for a navigable balloon!"

"Has he tried it?"

"A dozen times. I went up twice. It steers like a ship."

"Do people know this too?"

"Germany does. Once we sailed, papa and I, up over our forest and across the country to the German frontier. We were not very high; we could see the soldiers at the custom-house, and they saw us, and, would you believe it!—they fired their horrid guns at us, pop! pop! pop! But we were too quick; we simply sailed back again against the very air currents that brought us. One bullet made a hole in the silk, but we didn't come down. Papa says a dozen bullets cannot bring a balloon down, even when they pierce the silk, because the air pressure is great enough to keep the gas in. But he says that if they fire a shell, that is what is to be dreaded; for the

gas, once afame, that ends all. Dear me! We talk a great deal of war—you and I—in these piping times of peace. Come, we must go. Will you call my maid and tell the footman?"

They rose in the moonlight; he gave her back her fan. For a full minute they stood silent, facing each other. Involuntarily she broke a lily from its stem and drew it out of the cluster at her breast. She did not offer it, but he knew it was his, and he took it.

"Symbol of France," she whispered.

"Symbol of Lorraine" he said aloud.

A deep boom, sullen, dull as summer thunder, shook the echoes awake among the shrouded hills, jarring, rolling, reverberating, resounding, until the echoes, sounding again, carried it on from valley to valley, out into the world of shadows.

The utter silence that followed was broken by a cry, a gallop of hoofs on the gravel drive, the clink of stirrups and the snorting of hard-run horses.

Somebody cried "A telegram for you, Ricky!" There was a patter of feet on the terrace, a babel of voices. "What is it, Ricky? Must you go at once? What ever is the matter?"

The young fellow, white as a sheet, turned to the circle of lamp-lighted faces.

"France and Germany—I—I—"

"What!" cried Sir Thorald violently.

"War was declared at noon to-day!"

Lorraine gave a gentle gasp and reached out one hand. Jack Marche took it in both of his.

Inside the ballroom, the orchestra was still playing the Farandole.

V.

COWARDS AND THEIR COURAGE.

RICKERL took the old vicomte's withered hand; he could not speak; his sister Alixe was crying.

"War? War? Allons donc!" muttered the old man.

"Helen, Ricky says we are to have war—Helen, do you hear?—war!" Then Rickerl hurried away to dress, for he was to ride to the Rhine nor spare whip nor spur; and Barbara Lisle comforted little Alixe, who wept as she watched the maids throwing everything pell-mell into their trunks; for they, too, were to leave, at daylight, on the Moselle Express for Cologne.

Below, a boy appeared, leading Rickerl's horse from the stables; there were lanterns moving along the drive and dark figures passing, clustering about the two steaming horses of the messengers, where a groom stood with a pail of water and a sponge. Everywhere the hum of voices rose and died away like the rumor of swarming bees: "War! War is declared. When? War was declared to-day. When? War was declared to-day at noon." And always the burden of the busy voices was the same, menacing, incredulous, half-whispered—but always the same: "War! War! War!"

Booted and spurred, square-shouldered and muscular in his corded riding-suit, Rickerl passed the terrace again after the last adieus. The last? No, for as his heavy horse stamped out across the drive a voice murmured his name, a hand fell on his arm.

"Dorothy," he whispered, bending from his saddle.

"I love you, Ricky," she gasped.

And they say women are cowards!

He lifted her to his breast, held her crushed and panting; she put both hands before her eyes.

"There has never been any one but you: do you believe it?" he stammered.

"Yes."

"Then you are mine!"

"Yes—if God spares you."

And Rickerl, loyal in little things, swung her gently to the ground again, unkissed.

There was a flurry of gravel, a glimpse of a horse rearing, plunging, springing into the darkness—that was all. And she crept back to the terrace with hot tearless lids that burned till all her body quivered with the fever in her aching eyes. She passed the orchestra, trudging back to Saint-Lys along the gravel drive, the two fat violinists stolidly smoking their Alsatian pipes, the harp-player, head bent, muttering to the aged piper, the little Binion man from the Cote d'Or, excited, mercurial, gesticulating at every step. War, war, war! The burden of the ghastly monotone was in her brain, her tired heart kept beating out the cadence that her little slippers feet echoed along the gravel: War! War!

At the foot of the steps that skirted the terrace she met her brother and Lorraine, watching the groom rubbing down the messengers' horses. A lantern, glimmering on the ground, shed a sickly light under their eyes.

"Dorrie," said Jack, "Sir Thorald and Lady Hesketh think that we all should start for Paris by the early train. They have already sent some of our trunks to Saint-Lys—Mademoiselle de Nesville—" He turned with a gesture, almost caressing, to Lorraine—"Mademoiselle de Nesville has generously offered her carriage to help transport the luggage, and she is going to wait until it returns."

"And uncle—and our aunt De Morteyn?"

"I shall stay at Morteyn until they decide whether to close the house and go to Paris, or whether to stay until October. Dorrie dear, we are very near the frontier here."

"There will be no invasion," said Lorraine faintly.

"The Rhine is very near," repeated Dorothy. She was thinking of Rickerl.

"So you and Betty and Cecil," continued Jack, "are to go with the Heskeths to Paris. Poor little Alixe is crying her eyes out upstairs. She and Barbara Lisle are going to Cologne, where Ricky will either find them or have his father meet them."

After a moment he added: "It seems incredible, this news. They say, in the village, that the king of Prussia insulted the French ambassador, Count Benedetti, on the public promenade of Ems. It's all about that Hohenzollern business and the Spanish succession. Everybody thought it was settled, of course, because the Spanish ambassador said so, and Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern withdrew his claim. I can't understand it; I can scarcely believe it."

Dorothy stood a moment, looking at the stars in the midnight sky. Then she turned with a sigh to Lorraine.

"Good-night," she said. Impulsively she stepped nearer and they kissed each other—these two young girls who, an hour before, had been strangers.

"Shall I see you again? We leave by the early train," whispered Dorothy.

"No; I must return when my carriage comes back from the village. Good-by, dear; good-by, dear Dorothy."

A moment later, Dorothy, flinging her short ermine-edged cloak from her shoulders, entered the empty ballroom and threw herself upon the gilded canape.

One by one the candles spluttered, glimmered, flashed up, and went out, leaving a trail of smoke in the still air. Upstairs little Alixe was sobbing herself to sleep in Barbara's arms; in his own chamber the old vicomte paced to and fro, and to and fro, and his sweet-faced wife watched him in silence, her thin hand shading her eyes in the lamp light. In the next room Sir Thoral and Lady Hesketh sat close together, whispering. Only Betty Castlemaine and Cecil Page had lost little of their cheerfulness; perhaps because neither was French, and Cecil was not going to the war—and, after all, was promised to be an exciting thing, and well worth the absorbed attention of two very young lovers. Arm-in-arm, they promenaded the empty halls and galleries, meeting no one save here and there a pale-faced maid or scared flunkie; and at length they entered the gilded ballroom, where Dorothy lay flung full length on the canape.

She submitted to Betty's caresses and went away to bed with her, saying good-night to Cecil in a tear-choked voice; and a moment later Cecil sought his own chamber, lighted a pipe, and gave himself up to delightful visions of Betty, protected from several Prussian Army Corps by the single might of his strong right arm.

At the foot of the terrace, Lorraine de Nesville stood with Jack, watching the dark drive for the lamps of the returning carriage. Her maid loitered near, exchanging whispered gossip with the groom, who now stood undecided, holding both horses and waiting for orders. Presently Jack asked him where the messengers were, and he said he didn't know, but that they had perhaps gone to the kitchens for refreshments.

"Go and find them then. Here, give me the bridles," said Jack; "if they are eating, let them finish; I'll hold their horses. Why doesn't Mademoiselle de Nesville's carriage come back from Saint-Lys? When you leave the kitchens, go down the road and look for it. Tell them to hurry."

The groom touched his cap and hastened away, his sabots crushing the moist gravel, the empty pail rattling in his hand.

"I wish the carriage would come—I wish the carriage would hurry," repeated Lorraine, at intervals. "My father is alone; I am nervous, I don't know why. What are you reading?"

"My telegram from the New York 'Herald,'" he answered thoughtfully.

"It is easy to understand now," she said.

"Yes, easy to understand. They want me for war correspondent."

"Are you going?"

"I don't know"—he hesitated, trying to see her eyes in the darkness—"I don't know. Are you going to stay here in the Moselle Valley?"

"Yes—I suppose so."

"You are very near the Rhine."

"There will be—there shall be no invasion," she said feverishly; "France also ends at the Rhine; let them look to their own!"

She moved impatiently, stepped from the stones to the damp gravel, and started slowly across the misty lawn. He followed, leading the horses behind him and holding his telegram open in his right hand. Presently she looked back over her shoulder, saw him following, and waited.

"Why do you go as war correspondent?" she asked when he came up, leading the saddled horses.

"I don't know; I was on the 'Herald' staff in New York; they gave me a roving commission, which I enjoyed so much that I resigned and stayed in Paris. I had not dreamed that I should ever be needed; I had not contemplated doing anything like that."

"Have you never seen war?"

"Nothing to speak of. I was the 'Herald's' representative at Sadowna, and before that I saw some Kabyles shot in Oran. Where are you going?"

"To the river. We can hear the carriage when it

comes; and I want to see the lights of the Chateau de Nesville."

"From the river? Can you?"

"Yes—the trees are cut away north of the boathouse. Look! I told you so. My father is there alone."

Far away in the night the lights of the Chateau de Nesville glimmered between the trees, smaller, paler, yellower than the splendid stars that crowned the black vault above the forest.

After a silence she reached out her hand abruptly and took the telegram from between his fingers. In the starlight she read it, once, twice; then raised her head and smiled at him.

"Are you going?"

"I don't know. Yes."

"No," she said, and tore the telegram into bits.

One by one she tossed the pieces on to the bosom of the placid Lisse where they sailed away toward the Moselle like dim blue blossoms floating idly with the current.

"Are you angry?" she whispered.

He saw that she was trembling and that her face had grown very pale.

"What is the trouble?" he asked, amazed.

"The trouble—the trouble is this: I—I—Lorraine de Nesville, am afraid! There! I am afraid! It is fear—it is fear!"

"Fear?" he asked gently.

"Yes!" she burst out. "Yes, it is fear! I cannot help it—I never before knew it—that I—I could be afraid. Now I know it! Don't—don't leave us—my father and me!" she cried passionately. "We are so alone there in the house. I fear the forest—I fear!"

She trembled violently; a wolf howled on the distant hill.

"I am going to gallop back to the Chateau de Nesville with you," he said. "I shall be close beside you, riding by your carriage window. Don't tremble so, Mademoiselle de Nesville."

"It is terrible," she stammered; "I never knew I was a coward."

"You are anxious for your father," he said quietly; "you are no coward!"

"I am—I tremble—see! I shiver with all my body—"

"It was the wolf—"

"Ah, yes—perhaps—the wolf that warned us of war! And the men—that one who made maps. I never could do again what I did! Then I was afraid of nothing; now I fear everything: the howl of that beast on the hill, the wind in the trees, the ripple of the Lisse—C'est plus forte que moi—I am a coward, for I fear the unknown! Listen! Can you hear my carriage?"

"No."

"Listen—ah, listen!"

"It is the noise of the river."

"The river? How black it is. Hark!"

"The wind."

"Hark!"

"The wind again—"

"Look!" She seized his arm frantically. "Look! Oh! what—what was that?"

The report of a gun, faint but clear, came to their ears. Something flashed from the lighted windows of the Chateau de Nesville—another flash broke out, another; then three dull reports sounded, and the night wind spread the echoes broadcast among the wooded hills.

For a second she stood beside him, white, rigid, speechless; then her little hand crushed his arm and she pushed him violently toward the horses.

"Mount!" she gasped. "Ride! ride!"

Scarcely conscious of what he did he backed one of the horses, seized the gathered bridle and mane and flung himself astride. The horse reared, backed again, and stood stamping. At the same instant he swung about in his saddle and cried, "Go back to the house!"

But she was already in the saddle, guiding the other horse, her silken skirts crushed, her hair flying, sawing at the bridle-bit with gloved fingers. The wind lifted the cloak on her shoulders, her little satin slipper sought one stirrup.

"Ride!" she gasped, and lashed her horse.

He saw her pass him in a whirl of silken draperies streaming in the wind; the swans-down cloak hid her body like a cloud. In a second he was galloping at her bridle-rein; and both horses, nose to nose and neck to neck, pounded across the gravel drive, wheeled, leaped forward, and plunged down the soft wood road, straight into the heart of the forest. The lace from her corsage fluttered in the air; the lilies at her breast fell one by one, powdering the night with white blossoms. The wind loosened her heavy hair to the neck, seized it, twisted it, and flung it out on the wind, a shower of misty gold. Under the clusters of ribbon on her shoulders there was a gleam of ivory; her long gloves slipped to the wrists; her hair whipped the rounded arms, bare and white, below the riotous ribbons snapping and fluttering on her shoulders.

Suddenly her cloak unclasped at the throat, and whirled to the ground, trampled into the forest mould.

At the same instant they struck a man in the darkness; they heard him shriek, the horses staggered an instant, that was all, except a gasp from the girl, bending with whitened cheeks close to her horse's mane.

"Look out! A lantern!—close ahead!" panted Marche.

The sharp crack of a revolver cut him short, his horse leaped forward, the blood spurting from his neck.

"Are you hit?" he cried.

"No, no! Ride! Oh, ride!"

Again and again, but fainter and fainter, came the crack! crack! of the revolver like a long whip snapped in the wind.

"Are you hit?" he asked again.

"Yes—it is nothing! Oh, ride!"

So this was Lorraine, the coward.

In the darkness and confusion of the plunging horses he managed to lean over to her where she bent in her saddle; and on one soft round shoulder he saw the crimson welt of a bullet from which the blood was welling up out of the satin skin.

And now, in the gloom, the park wall loomed up along the river, and he shouted for the lodge-keeper, rising in his stirrups; but the iron gate swung wide and the broad avenue stretched out ahead to the chateau.

In a moment they were at the door; he slipped from his horse, swung Lorraine to the ground, and sprang up the low steps. The door was open, the long hall brilliantly lighted.

"It is I, Lorraine!" cried the girl, as a tall, blonde-bearded man burst in from a room on the left, clutching a fowling-piece.

"Lorraine! They've got the box!" he groaned; "they are in the house yet—" He stared wildly at Marche, then at his daughter. His face was discolored with bruises, his thick blonde hair fell in disorder across his blue eyes that gleamed with fury.

Almost at the same moment there came a crash of glass, a heavy fall from the porch, and then a shot.

In an instant Marche was at the door; he saw a game-keeper raise his gun and aim at him, and he dropped as the report roared in his ears.

"You fool!" he shouted; "drop your gun and follow!" And he jumped to the ground and started across the garden where a dark figure was clutching the wall and trying to climb to the top. He was too late; the man was over, but he followed, jumped, caught the tiled top, and hurled himself headlong into the bushes below.

Close to him a man started from the thicket, and ran down the wet road, splash! splash! slop! slop! through the puddles; but Marche caught him and dragged him down into the mud, where they rolled and thrashed and spattered and struck each other. Twice the man tore away and struggled to his feet, and twice Marche fastened to his knees, until the huge lumbering body swayed and fell again. It might have gone hard with Jack, for the man suddenly dropped the steel box he was clutching to his breast, and fell upon the young fellow, with a sullen roar. His knotted wiry fingers had already found Jack's throat; he lifted the young fellow's head and strove to break his neck. Then in a flash he leaped back and lifted a heavy stone from the wall, and at the same instant somebody fired at him in the darkness, and he wheeled in his tracks and staggered into the woods.

That was all Jack Marche knew until a lantern flashed in his eyes, and he saw Lorraine, bright-eyed, feverish, disheveled, beside him.

"Raise him," said a voice.

They lifted Jack to his knees; he stumbled to his feet, torn, bloody, filthy with mud, but in his arms, clasped tight to his throat, was the steel box, intact.

"Lorraine! My—my box! Look!" cried her father, and the lantern shook in his hands.

But Lorraine stepped forward and raised her head and flung both arms around Jack Marche's neck.

Her face was deadly pale; the blood oozed in tiny brilliant drops from the wounded shoulder. Then, for the first time, her father saw that she had been shot.

He stared at her, astonished, clasping the steel box in his nervous hands.

With all the strength of her arms she crushed Jack to her and kissed him. Then she turned to her father and tottered toward him, giddy from loss of blood.

"I am going to faint," she whispered; "hold me up."

VI.

TRAIN EAST AND WEST.

It was dawn when Jack Marche galloped into the courtyard of the Chateau Morteyn and wearily dismounted. People were already moving about the upper floors, servants stared at him as he climbed the steps to the terrace; his face was scratched, his clothes smeared with caked mud and blood.

He went straight to his chamber, tore off his clothes, took a hasty plunge in a cold tub, and rubbed his aching limbs until they glowed. Then he dressed rapidly, donned his riding breeches and boots, slipped a revolver into his pocket, and went downstairs, where he could already hear the others at breakfast.

Very quietly and modestly he told his story between sips of cafe-au-lait and buttered muffins.

"You see," he ended, "that the country is full of spies, who hesitate at nothing. There were three or four of them who tried to rob the chateau; they seem perfectly possessed to get at the secrets of the Marquis de Nesville's balloons. There is no doubt but that for months past they have been making maps of the whole region in most minute detail; they have evidently been

expecting this war for a long time. Incidentally, now that war is declared, they have opened hostilities on their own account."

"You did for some of them?" asked Sir Thorald, who had been fidgeting and staring at Jack through a gold-edged monocle.

"No—I—we rode down and trampled a man in the dark. I should think it was enough to brain him, but when I galloped back just now he was gone, and I don't know how badly he was hit."

"But the fellow that was going to smash you with a paving-stone—the Marquis de Nesville fired at him, didn't he?" insisted Sir Thorald.

"Yes, I think he hit him, but it was a long shot. Lorraine was superb—"

He stopped, coloring up a little.

"She did it all," he resumed; "she rode through the woods like a whirlwind! Good Heavens! I never saw such a cyclone incarnate! And her pluck when she was hit! And then very quietly she went to her father and fainted in his arms."

Jack had not told all that had happened. The part that he had not told was the part that he thought of most—Lorraine's white arms around his neck, and the touch of her innocent lips on his forehead. In silent consternation the young people listened; Dorothy slipped out of her chair and came and rested her hands on her brother's shoulder; Betty Castlemaine looked at Cecil with large questioning eyes that asked, "Would you do something heroic for me?" And Cecil's eyes replied, "Oh! for a chance to annihilate a couple of regiments!" This pleased Betty, and she ate a muffin with appreciation. The old vicomte leaned heavily on his elbow and looked at his wife, who, a trifle pallid, sat opposite, eating nothing. He had decided to remain at Morteyn, but this episode disquieted him. Not on his own account.

"Helen," he said, "Jack and I will stay, but you must go with the children. There is no danger; there can be no invasion; for our troops will be passing here by night, anyway. I only wish to be sure that—that in case—in case things should go dreadfully wrong, you would not be compelled to witness anything unpleasant."

Madame de Morteyn shook her head gently.

"Why speak of it," she said; "you know I will not go."

"I'll stay too," said Sir Thorald eagerly; "Cecil and Molly can take the children to Paris. Madame de Morteyn, you really should go also." She leaned back and shook her head decisively.

"Then you will both come, you and Madame de Morteyn," urged Lady Hesketh of the vicomte.

The old man hesitated. His wife smiled. She knew he could not leave in the face of the enemy; she had been the wife of this old African campaigner for thirty years, and she knew what she knew.

"Helen—" he began.

"Yes, dear, we will both stay; the city is too hot in July," she said. "Sir Thorald, some coffee? No more? Betty, you want another muffin; they are there by Cecil. Children, I think I hear the carriages coming; you must not make Lady Hesketh wait."

"I have half a mind to stay," said Molly Hesketh. Sir Thorald said she could if she wished to enlist, and they all tried to smile; but the sickly gray of daylight, somber, threatening, fell on faces haggard with foreboding; young faces, too, illuminated by the pale flames of the candles.

Alix von Elster and Barbara Lisle went first; there were tears and embraces and au revoirs and aufwidersehens.

Little Alixe blanched and trembled when Sir Thorald bent over her, not entirely conscious of the havoc his drooping mustache and cynical eyes had made in her credulous German bosom. Molly Hesketh kissed her, wishing that she could pinch her; and so they left, tearful, anxious, to be driven to Courtenay, and whirled from thence across the Rhine to Cologne.

Sir Thorald and Lady Hesketh lingered on the terrace after the others had returned to the breakfast room.

"Thorald," she said, "you are a brute!"

"Eh?" cried Sir Thorald.

"You're a brute!"

"Molly, what the deuce is the matter?"

"Nothing; if you ever see her again I'll tell Ricky."

"I might say the same thing in regard to Ricky, my dear," said Sir Thorald mildly.

"It is not true," she said; "I did no damage to him; and you know—you know, down in the depths of your sickle soul, that—that—"

"What, my dear?"

"Never mind!" said Molly sharply; but she cringed when he kissed her and held tightly to his sleeve.

"Good God!" thought Sir Thorald, "what a devil I am with women!"

But now the carriages drove up, coupes, dogcarts, and a victoria.

"They say we ought not to miss this train," said Cecil, coming from the stables and flourishing a whip; "they say the line may be seized for government use exclusively in a few hours."

The old housekeeper, Madame Paillard, nodded and pointed to her son, the under-keeper.

"Francois says, Monsieur Page, that six trains loaded with troops passed through Saint-Lys between midnight and dawn. Dis, Francois, c'est le Sieur Bosz qui t'as renseignais, pas?"

"Oui, mamam!"

"Then hurry," said Lady Hesketh. "Thorald, call the others."

"I," said Cecil, "am going to drive Betty in the dogcart."

"She'll probably take the reins," said Sir Thorald cynically.

Cecil brandished his whip and looked determined; but it was Betty who drove him to Saint-Lys station after all.

The adieux were said, even more tearfully this time. Jack kissed his sister tenderly, and she wept a little on his shoulder—thinking of Rickerl.

One by one the vehicles rolled away down the gravel drive, and last of all came Molly Hesketh in the coupe with Jack Marche.

Molly was sad and a trifle distract. Those periodical mental illuminations during which she discovered for the thousandth and odd time that she loved her husband, usually left her fairly innocuous. But she was a born flirt; the virus was bred in the bone, and after the first half-mile she opened her batteries—her eyes—as a matter of course on Jack.

What she got for her pains was a little sermon ending: "See here, Molly, three years ago you played the devil with me until I kissed you, and then you were furious and threatened to tell Sir Thorald. The truth is, you're in love with him and there is no more harm in you than there is in a china kitten."

"Jack!" she gasped.

"And," he resumed, "you live in Paris, and you see lots of things and you hear lots of things that you don't hear and see in Lincolnshire. But you're British, Molly, and you are domestic, although you hate the idea; and there will never be a desolated hearth in the Hesketh household as long as you speak your mother-tongue and read Anthony Trollope."

The rest of the road was traversed in silence. They rattled over the stones in the single street of Saint-Lys, rolled into the gravel oval behind the Gare, and drew up amid a hubbub of restless teams, market wagons and station trucks.

"See the soldiers!" said Jack, lifting Lady Hesketh to the platform where the others were already gathered in a circle. A train was just pulling out of the station, bound eastward, and from every window red caps projected and sunburned boyish faces expanded into grins as they saw Lady Hesketh and her charges.

"Vive l'Angleterre!" they cried; "Vive Madame la Reine! Vive Johnbull et son, rosibif!"—the latter observation aimed at Sir Thorald.

Sir Thorald waved his eyeglass to them condescendingly; faster and faster moved the train; the red caps and fresh tanned faces, the laughing eyes, became a blur and then a streak; and far down the glistening track the faint cheers died away and were drowned in the roar of the wheels—little whirling wheels that were bearing them merrily to their graves at Wissembourg.

"Here comes our train," said Cecil. "Jack, my boy, you'll probably see some fun; take care of your hide, old chap!" He didn't mean to be patronizing, but he had Betty demurely leaning on his arm, and—dear me!—how could he help patronizing the other poor devils in the world who did not have Betty and who never could have Betty?

"Montez, mesdames, s'il vous plait!—Montez, mesieurs!" cried the chef de gare; "last train for Paris until Wednesday! All aboard!" and he slammed and locked the doors while the engineer, leaning impatiently from his cab, looked back along the line of cars and blew his whistle warningly.

"Good-by, Dorrie!" cried Jack.

"Good-by, my darling Jack! Be careful—you will, won't you?" But she was still thinking of Rickerl, bless her little heart.

Lady Hesketh waved him a demure adieu from the open window, relented, and gave his hand a hasty squeeze with her gloved fingers.

"Take care of Lorraine," she said solemnly, then laughed at his tell-tale eyes and leaned back on her husband's shoulder, still laughing.

The cars were gliding more swiftly past the platform now; he caught a glimpse of Betty kissing her hand to him, of Cecil bestowing a gracious adieu with an indolent gesture, of Sir Thorald's eyeglass, describing arcs and eccentric hyperbole in the air; then they were gone; and far up the tracks the diminishing end of the last car dwindled to a dark square, a spot, a dot, and was engulfed in a flurry of dust. As he turned away and passed along the platform to the dogcart there came a roar, a shriek of a locomotive, a rush, and a train swept by toward the east, leaving a blast of scarlet in his eyes, and his ears ringing with the soldiers' cheers, "Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! À Berlin! À Berlin! À Berlin!"

A furtive-eyed young peasant beside him shrugged his shoulders.

"Bismarck has called for the menu; his cannon are hungry," he sneered. "There goes the bill-of-fare."

"That's very funny," said a fierce little man with a gray mustache, "but the bill-of-fare isn't complete—the class of '71 have just been called out!" and he pointed to a placard freshly pasted on the side of the station.

"The—the class of '71!" muttered the furtive peasant, turning livid.

"Exactly—the bill-of-fare needs the hors d'oeuvres; you'll go as an olive, and probably come back as a sardine—in a box."

And the fierce little man grinned, lighted a cigarette, and sauntered away, still grinning.

What did he care? He was a Pompier and exempt.

(Continued next week.)

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THE EXCEEDINGLY UNCONVENTIONAL AND REMARKABLY PECCULAR STORY OF THE SINGULAR AND EXTRAORDINARY

"MONSIEUR"

UNFOLDED IN ELEVEN MYSTERIES

BY SAMUEL FREEDMAN

MYSTERY THE FIRST.

THE GRAY COLORED STRANGER.

A HUNDRED years ago there came to the Bourg of Amboise a stranger, who, from his idiosyncrasies and the glamour of mystery that surrounded him, became in a short time an unsolved human riddle to the peasant folk.

All that the people knew of him then was that he had lodgings at The Tavern of The Blue Ribbon, known on its swinging sign as "Voyage le Cordon Bleu," and that he had paid four hundred shining louis to the peasant Jean for a picture painted by Da Vinci and even a larger amount for another Da Vinci, to Rene, the miller.

They called him "Monseigneur," partly on account of his aristocratic ways and partly because his liberality bought him servility.

Many at that time believed that the peculiar color of his skin was unnatural. It was lighter than a Moor's, darker than a Spaniard's, and grayer than either, though Monseigneur bore many letters from high Spanish nobility, whom nobody knew. He was always melancholy, his features seemed stamped with one controlling purpose, and Paul, garcon of the Cordon Bleu, declared that he wore gloves day and night.

But mysterious as he was, Mademoiselle, daughter of the noble Les Desmes, pitied him first, though she knew not why, and then loved him. Indeed, his influence over her was like that of a mesmerist's; she loved him so. Her love was a thing which was; it was there just like herself, but, unlike herself, had grown to full maturity in a wonderfully short space of time.

It was Monseigneur's preferred Da Vinci taste that had first pleased Les Desmes, her father, who was a direct descendant of Da Vinci and had a special room set apart for his ancestor's many paintings, but it was Monseigneur's wonderful conversation that had afterward taught Les Desmes to love him.

For Monseigneur's conversation was like the vivid glare of a lightning flash, or the sparkle of a sun-kissed wave, when he chose to be gay, which was rare; and when he was earnest it reminded you of a gloomy day with the clouds darkening the sun, of a mezzotint in black and white; and when he was very grave and earnest you thought of the distant rumbling of thunders and wondered what it would be like if the tempest ever burst!

His wit at one moment would blind one; at another, cause one to grope in gloom. But some adjudged it an unhealthy and unnatural kind; for though one finds the deepest shadow next to brightest light, this brilliancy and shadow of Monseigneur's wit seemed as though through the portals of his mind a funeral was ever entering one gate and a carnival coming out of another. And Mademoiselle, as she listened, would laugh at the gay dance music of the feteists and shudder at the cedar odor of the caskets!

Of the sweetness, the beauty and goodness of Mademoiselle, of how she first met and loved the stranger, or how they gained her father's permission to the betrothal (though it was said that Les Desmes, being a hard drinker, gave his permission when in drink), of Monseigneur's excess of devotion whereby Mademoiselle, as well as all others of the Bourg of Amboise, who took note, declared that Monseigneur had never been known to kiss her, not even her hand, and was as careful in the touching of her as though she was a sacramental idol at his side, all because they declared that she appeared in his eyes as one of those highest immaculate angels which, they say, turn to clay at a touch of earth—there is nothing to tell, for this story commences a day after the betrothal when Monseigneur and Mademoiselle were pacing the garden park and one came to tell them that Les Desmes was in a strange state of excitement and wished to see them.

The chateau of the Les Desmes, located in the Bourg of Amboise, with its park of carved foliage, cut a' jour, tout ensemble of tower and steeple, ornamented escutcheons of Fleur de Lys, the gray old stairway and crumbling facade looking toward the river, was as beautiful then as the day Da Vinci the painter lived in it.

Mademoiselle and Monseigneur went at once to Les Desmes, whom they found in the Da Vinci room, and there they saw a thing which made Mademoiselle shriek and clutch Monseigneur by the arm.

MYSTERY THE SECOND.

THE SECRET WALL AND THE HIDDEN DOOR.

A PAINTING had been removed from the wall and a hidden door in the frescoing thrown open, revealing a secret closet where stood a picture which showed by its snug fit that the closet had been made purposely for it. This picture was a portrait of Monseigneur himself, and it had been painted over two hundred years before! Even though the frame around this picture was mildewed with age and the closet rotting, there was no other way of explaining it. It was Monseigneur's portrait. It was just as though Monseigneur himself was looking out from there with that pensive, sad expression so singularly characteristic to his features.

Monseigneur's face was of a most peculiar brown, and the color of the brown in the picture was exactly the brown of the color of Monseigneur. There were only two places on the portrait where there was any red, and so, too, on the face of Monseigneur, and they were on the exact same places, the red on the tip of the ear and the red on the lips. The strange color of the red was exactly the same. That of a crimson with a mixture of black, not mixed with vermilion, which you could find on all the other portraits in the room. It was a crimson peculiar to itself and to Monseigneur. It was harsh against the brown of the skin—not blended—just like the tints on Monseigneur's face.

The shading on the canvas was the same as that in life, a brown with a burned Sienna tint, not bordering on the tone of the Vandyke brown, which you could find in the shading of all the other faces. For Da Vinci, like Vandyke, was a man who used few colors, so it was wonderful that he should deviate from his rule and use an extra one. But it was the only color which could have brought out the shadows on Monseigneur's features.

There, too, was the delicate, pointed chin with the silky beard coming to a point at the tip. But one could not tell if it was a picture of a man of that day or of centuries before, for though it was a portrait down to the shoulders, the skin was bare. There was no dress to tell to what generation he belonged—all to be seen was just the brown face and neck, then the skin changed its color and became white—much whiter than any ordinary person's. And—well, it was not all this that held them there as spellbound, but the head slightly bent to the side was leaning against a hand, on that hand was a glove, of the same color as Monseigneur always wore, and over the index finger of which was a ring, the exact same ring that Monseigneur had on his index finger at that moment.

MYSTERY THE THIRD.

THE VERY WONDERFUL DA VINCI PORTRAIT.

WHEN Monseigneur saw this picture such a peculiar expression came to his face that one might have thought they had never seen the like; not in the Grimaldi at the Circus, or the harlequins at the Gymnase, nor at Theatre la Province, where played a juggler who contorted with the muscles of his face, nor on the heads of the carriage posts before the Maison Rouge, where no lady would dare look, for there, because of what she saw, a wife once bore her lord a race of dwarfs. But whether that look was of surprise, or hate, or joy, or fury, one could not tell.

But when Les Desmes went to examine the portrait closer, the thought that had once struck him, of its being an ancestor of Monseigneur's, seemed too strange to be true; for there on the cheek, close to the beard, was a black spot of a mole, just where the mole was on Monseigneur's face.

So all Les Desmes said was this:

"How old are you, Monseigneur?"

"Four-and-thirty, Monsieur."

"The man in the portrait is yourself. The picture was painted two hundred and seventy years ago. It is genuine. Here is the Da Vinci name. There is the Da Vinci sign. I saw it first when I was a child, before you were born, if what you say of your age is true. I saw it only once when my father, before he died, opened this closet. But I was very small then and forgot all about it till your face brought back the memory of it and this secret closet. In the will which bequeathes these pictures, there is no mention of this one, but there is a note attached in a foreign language, which I could never decipher, nor could any one I asked. It may have some bearing on this. We must make it out if we send it to all the savants of the province."

Monseigneur said very quietly: "Let me see it. Maybe I can be of help."

"It is with my other papers at the notary's. He lives four leagues from here... I will send it at once."

And while the servant was dispatched, they took the picture and its crumbling frame from its mildewed home, placing it against the wall. And Monseigneur paced the floor till the servant returned, who stated that his excellency, the notary, would not be home till the next day, and no one dared to open his big chest. So they would have to wait till the next day to know if it was a portrait of Monseigneur himself, or the picture of one that was like him, or the likeness of an ancestor, or, through some miracle, all three of these.

And Monseigneur begged to be allowed to return to the Cordon Bleu and rest there over the night, promising

ing to return again the very next day and interpret the strange note.

But the very next day, Monseigneur and the whole of Amboise were thrown into a wild state of excitement.

MYSTERY THE FOURTH.

THE MASSACRE OF MASTERPIECES.

MADEMOISELLE LES DESMES had arisen very early to see the wonderful picture which her ancestor had painted two centuries before of the man she was to love that day. And those that found her there in the Da Vinci room hours afterward in a dead swoon were not at all surprised at finding her so.

For there on the floor in the wildest discord conceivable, in the most cruel manner of dissection and vivisection possible, with all the slashing, carving and tearing imaginable, lay the remnants of the wonderful Da Vinci pictures in a startling chaos of ruins.

Some were cut from the frames, others while still in their frames had been torn from the wall and stamped upon till the painted canvas had become a bruised and blackened mass. Others, again, were torn into little shreds and strewn piece-meal around. But all were so disfigured and in such minute fragments that the greatest skill in the world could never place them together again. Worthless scraps now of what had once been very beautiful on canvas; the pride of the Les Desmes and the boast of the Bourg of Amboise.

But the mysterious likeness of Monseigneur had fared no better; for it too was beyond hope of recognition or redemption. And it was this which made Mademoiselle exclaim when she revived, "Alas, poor Louis, how will he feel when he knows of this, for he loved the paintings so, and what will he say to me for letting his portrait be so mutilated!"

And indeed Monseigneur, when he came, did feel badly, for his usually strong features were overmastered. He burst into tears, and exclaimed to Les Desmes:

"Ah, Monsieur, what misfortune has befallen you! What miscreant could have great enough hatred to vent revenge on such harmless things, such beautiful children of so divine a creator. He must be a ruffian without a soul for art!"

But one could expect anything in those socialistic days, when La Belle France, red-turbaned, was shrieking the somewhat paradoxical expression: "Riches were meant for the poor, hovels were made for the rich!" So Les Desmes clinched his fists, looked toward the corporate body of the Bourg of Amboise, which came in consolation, and said nothing, and the corporate body clinched its fists, looked toward the noble Les Desmes, and—said nothing also.

MYSTERY THE FIFTH.

THE QUEER ACTIONS OF LES DESMES.

THE evening was growing dark, when a cab drove before the home of the Les Desmes and the notary alighted, carrying in his hand a great iron box. The cab waited and soon drove him away. The lights in the Les Desmes Chateau were extinguished one by one, till, when it was very dark, there was only one light left, and that in the study of Les Desmes himself; then—there resounded the shriek of a man over the place, and it came from the room where the light was. It was a shriek of surprise, of dismay, of horror. Such a shriek as would be expected of one who utters his last sound on earth.

A few moments elapsed and another shriek broke the stillness. But this was a woman's.

It came from Mademoiselle Les Desmes, who had been awakened by the first cry, and opened her door, when directly upon her heavily fell the form of her father. He seemed to have aged twenty years. His eyes were wildly staring; his aspect that of a madman's, as his hands clutched the air in futile efforts to speak. And when he did speak, in a voice so unlike his own, it seemed as if he was uttering with his own dying breath the words of another man. For what he said seemed as if he was trying to say, "Do not marry Le Grande." But how wild! No one knew any one by that name. When the leech of the Bourg arrived, he was quite dead.

It was all very simple, said the leech. Excess in drink had long afflicted him with apoplexy, which the least excitement might prove fatal, and Les Desmes had been unduly excited that morning over the pictures.

They laid him in his room, and the servants put out the light in the study. The chateau was nearly quiet again, save for the sobbing of the daughter and the funeral voices of the servants.

But again they were to be disturbed that night.

A timid servant woman declared she heard a window in the study being forced and the clank of the iron box which the notary had brought. Some one made bold to look, and found it even so; the window had been forced and the iron box lay without empty.

Alas! The terrible finger of socialism was overhanging the chateau, as it was hovering over so many others in the soon to be made empire of the commune. So wailed the servants. Socialistic hatred had torn paintings from the walls, socialistic eyes had peered through chateau windows, and socialistic hands had thought to enrich themselves with royalistic treasures. So too wailed the servants.

Then Mademoiselle, in her fright and suffering, said there was only one she could rely on in all the world to comfort her. So they had to send post-haste to the Cordon Bleu for Monseigneur, awake him from his sleep, and bring him there.

MYSTERY THE SIXTH.

THE UNEXPLAINABLE WORDS OF HONRI.

THE noble Les Desmes was buried within a few days.

In view of the fact that Mademoiselle was so miserable and lonely, her engagement with Monseigneur was made public, and the date of the marriage fixed for the next week, three days after the time when Honri, Mademoiselle's brother, was to arrive. He was a military officer, and had hastily been summoned home.

What a manly vigorous fellow Honri was, when he did arrive! He was a young, though noble exponent of the military school; the school which believes in heroic methods, teaches relentlessness and practices death, which values men by their clay more than by their souls, and says that the ending of life is the arbitration of all disputes and the settlement of wrongs.

He and Monseigneur became fast friends in a very short time, and Honri soon learned to love Monseigneur almost as much as his father had before him. Their tastes were mutual, their relationship inseparable.

Honri loved to compare Monseigneur's ceaseless alternations of darkness and sunshine to that of a towering mountain, whose lofty noble vistas are now resplendent in floods of light, now shrouded in impenetrable mists; and he too noticed, as had the whole Bourg of Amboise before him, the extraordinary deference of Monseigneur toward his sister, of his possessing too great a reverence for her to even touch her hand or press it to his lips.

And Honri said this deference was godly, and could only come from the highest type of man.

Mademoiselle was very happy at this more than friendliness between her brother and Monseigneur, and found a reason for it all. No one could help but love Monseigneur, and Monseigneur loved every one because he loved her.

That evening before the marriage came, and they had conversed till it was quite late, without knowing how late it was, for Monseigneur's conversation made you forget time.

She bade them good-by, for Honri, of course, was to accompany Monseigneur to his room at the inn, and there spend another short time in converse. She watched them till they disappeared in the night.

So too, Honri and Monseigneur entered the room of Monseigneur at the inn of the Cordon Bleu.

The evening was cool, but Honri sat on the sill of the opened window, while Monseigneur sat close by, in a great green armchair.

"To-morrow, at this time," said Monseigneur, with a happy, far-away look, "your sister will be my wife, and we will be on our way to my native Hayti. My lovely Hayti! Land of the summer, of singing-birds and flowers. Where joy joins the song of the birds, heaven haunts the scent of the flowers, and love lurks in the breath of the land. It is made a paradise by nature; I will make it a heaven for her by love!"

When Monseigneur had finished, Honri for the first time moved. He drew from his pocket a tobacco case and selected a piece of rolled tobacco, an accomplishment learned while on his travels. He drew from another pocket a tinder box and struck it.

"Monseigneur," he said quietly, while lighting the tobacco, "what do you desire to have done with your body; to be laid out in one of the cemeteries here, or sent back to your native land?"

Honri turned the tobacco to see that it had lighted roundly, and threw the flint to the ground without.

Monseigneur gave a light laugh, and could not understand.

Honri blew out a great cloud of smoke, which was taken up by the lazy wind and carried far away.

"I mean this, Monseigneur," he said. "At ten to-morrow is the marriage. By nine you must be dead. And you must die by your own hand, Monseigneur, that is all!"

MYSTERY THE SEVENTH.

A FEW PUZZLING REMARKS.

MONSEIGNEUR did not laugh now. He sat very still, and his face was as white as its brownish color would let it be.

Honri blew another cloud of smoke without and went on.

"In the first place, Monseigneur, you are no Monseigneur at all; in the second, you do not live in Hayti. Thirdly, you are as white as I am. The color of your face is not natural. These are some of the things which are not." And Honri lowered his voice. "There are likewise some things which are—but I will spare you, Monseigneur.

"You are born of a family which is honorable. In your lifetime you have never done a wrong thing. Circumstances would pardon all. You are a good man. I mean just what I say. You have fine instincts and a noble nature. You did wrong in agreeing to marry my sister. But she threw herself at your head. Every man in your position would have done likewise."

"Your great ancestor lived at the time of Da Vinci. For good reasons he wished his race to be blotted out.

He left France when of your age, having removed all possible traces of himself. Leonardo Da Vinci knew this, and conceived the masterly idea of copying so difficult and unwilling a subject unbeknown. Da Vinci was a man who struggled after the severest tests. He reproduced your ancestor faithfully from memory.

"This ancestor lived in a far-off land for many years and thought that oblivion would soon swallow his memory. But he learned of the existence of this portrait. Then he felt with strange, eccentric ardor that so long as it remained all he had done to remove himself would prove useless. For it would pass his secret down to future generations and show him to the then present one."

"He offered many pieces of gold for it, which Da Vinci refused. He tried again and again to gain possession of it. But for it the master had conceived a grim fancy, for the skill it had cost and the history it bore. So dearly did the master prize the canvas and so fearful was he of its discovery, that he gave it in care of one of his nearest kin, commanding that it should be hidden. So careful was this new trustee of the picture to keep the covetous subject from tracing its whereabouts, that in his will he placed the mention of it in a foreign language, that strangers who read might not know."

"On the other hand, the craving to obtain that picture became a monomania to your great ancestor. That was the thread which held him to earth. So jealous was he of your family secret that he placed the commission to his son to find the picture and whatever may pertain to its history. But the son failed as did the father, and he likewise placed the commission to his heir."

"You all looked alike, you felt alike, and you were alike. So the hatred against a Da Vinci was augmented stronger in each generation, till it fixed itself to the insanity that to crush any of the works of the great master was the killing of some of his soul."

"The skin of your ancestor was not naturally the color it is on the picture. He dyed his, as you do yours, and as your father did before you. You, like those before you, wished to stamp out your race, but, like those before you, you fell in love and your nature, like theirs, could not cope with it."

"By a strange turn of fate, you were the one destined to find this only living evidence of your family, and in effacing it, through the resemblance it held, you effaced all record of your kind except the note attached to the will."

"Part of this I learned, Monseigneur, when in my travels I happened to alight on the island which has served as your family's home. The rest I found out for myself during my return."

MYSTERY THE EIGHTH.

MUCH ACTION FOR UNKNOWN CAUSES.

THERE was silence in the room when Honri had finished. His tobacco had burned low and he threw it to the ground without.

"There are but two things more," he went on. "One of them is that we must destroy the ruins of the Da Vincis which you purchased and destroyed while here, and which you have in your trunk; for like a murderer with some grim infatuation for the thing he has killed you have kept them by you."

"These must be destroyed, because after your death, if they are found, it will implicate you, with the other Da Vincis which you destroyed at my father's house. The other thing is, I will take back the will which you stole. I promise you, on a Les Desmes' honor, that to-morrow, when you are dead, I will destroy the note which is attached. This is also in your trunk, under the shreds of the paintings. With your permission, I will commence at once."

A tear rolled down Monseigneur's cheek. Ah! such a great, sad, melancholy tear. But he uttered no word, and his face might have been that of a dead man's or a graven image, so still and quiet was he.

Honri rose, went to the left-hand drawer of Monseigneur's bureau and took from it a very small key. This he placed in a right upper drawer, opened it, and took from it a large key. With this he went to Monseigneur's closet and opened it. Then Honri stooped low down to Monseigneur's dainty trunk. It had no key, but was opened by a secret spring. And Honri opened it.

He took from it first the yellow parchment will, which he placed in his pocket, and said to the figure in the chair:

"Unluckily you committed this robbery too late; for, unluckily, too, the note attached is in Spanish, and still more unluckily, you had taught my father just enough of the language for him to decipher five words. And these five words"—and Honri resumed his work at the trunk—"killed him. If you had taken the paper," he continued, "before my father had read it, or if you had not taught him so much, he would have been alive to-day. Unfortunately you delayed, because you thought he could not read it."

Honri took the shreds of the paintings, threw them into the fireplace, and waited till the last trace had crumbled to ashes, then with the rod poked them among their brother ashes. Then Honri filled the trunk again with Monseigneur's clothes, which he took from

the bureau, just as though it had never contained anything else, locked it and again replaced the keys.

MYSTERY THE NINTH.

MONSEIGNEUR AGREES TO KILL HIMSELF.

THIS labor finished, Honri went to Monseigneur and said:

"Monsieur, for fear that you had not a pistol handy I brought one with me for you." And he drew one from his pocket and handed it handleward to Monseigneur. "Its caliber is of good size, not too large or too small—it is thirty-six."

Monseigneur, for the first time, then gave evidence of life. With his dainty gloved hand he motioned the weapon aside.

"Monsieur forgets," he said, "that if I was to use his pistol it might not be thought that I killed myself. I have one of my own, there in that case."

Honri took from the case signified a dainty pistol, with a Dresden china handle and a golden barrel, as dainty as everything else which appertained to Monseigneur. He took the cartridge from it and snapped it a number of times.

"It is small," he said at last, contemplatively; "but it will do. And," he added, "pardon me for seeming impudent in telling a gentleman what I know he knows, but the best place to shoot is an inch before the center of the ear and half an inch up, then point down and backward."

Monseigneur nodded his thanks for Monsieur's kindness.

And Honri still went on:

"Monsieur, you must again pardon me for intruding myself. What I would say is not from doubting your honor, but I will have to watch without, and if it should chance that you happen to be leaving this house I will have to shoot you down, Monsieur, as I would a dog."

Then it was that Monseigneur simply asked:

"What time is it?"

"It lacks fifteen minutes of four."

Not a muscle in Monseigneur's face moved as he said:

"You may wait without fifteen minutes. On the last stroke of four of the village clock you will hear my shot. Then you may send your servants to watch my body."

He looked so sad and lonely and so very noble as he stood there that Honri's eyes were dim, and his head was bowed as he said:

"I am sorry for you, Monseigneur."

And the words came from the heart and they meant very much.

Monseigneur said: "I am sure you know I love Mademoiselle, your sister, and that it is a love a little greater than a man's and a little less than a god's. And it is like the love of a man's and that of a god's. For, like a man's, it has been selfish; like a god's, is not for earth. So it will be she will never know that the second between the third and fourth chime of the bell I will spend in thinking of her."

There were tears in Honri's eyes when he closed Monseigneur's door. He heard it locked from within. He went into the air without.

MYSTERY THE TENTH.

THE DEATH CHIME STRIKES.

It was a very black night. The clouds were black and they scudded past a black sky. The thick wind seemed black, as it swirled in the black branches of the trees. The trees themselves loomed black as they creaked and rocked to and fro, groaning like old men, whose limbs, too, were black and cracking with age. And when Honri looked toward Monseigneur's room it was black—just like everything else.

Honri's face was hard and set as he opened his watch and waited.

He looked at the darkened room and knew that one lonely, friendless man was within whose life, condemned by one he loved, could now be numbered by seconds. For Honri had tied the noose, as it were, about this man's neck, and was holding the bolt that was to let fall the platform and send the victim swinging to death.

And as the seconds flew Honri, too, commenced to feel like one who draws the bolt—the feeling of a murderer.

As was said before, Honri was of the military school and believed in heroic measures that kill or cure, or perhaps both. While Monseigneur lived, his sister was in danger. But in his wishing to make a suicide of Monseigneur Honri entertained no different views than he would have if he, himself, was in Monseigneur's place.

But the executioner loves the thing he is to kill just before the last. So as Honri's eyes were raised to that upper window where was that lonely, desolate man, miserable and uncared for, commanded to throw away his life as though it was some worthless thing, his soldier's feelings, too, kept steadily pointing upward toward the feeling of leniency, even as the minute-hand of his watch was steadily pointing upward toward the hour.

He was confident that that man above would keep his word. And with the confidence he knew he could repose in Monseigneur he felt that perhaps there was

another course open, and he should save himself those feelings of a murderer, which he never thought would weaken him till this moment.

Monseigneur might be made to return at once to his lonely loathsome island. It would be—

"One!" struck the village clock.

MYSTERY THE ELEVENTH.

THE SAVING OF MONSEIGNEUR.

"One," had struck the village clock.

You strike slowly, great bell, but much too quickly for the man who had, at that second, with the rush of a wild animal, tore up the staircase to Monseigneur's room. He was as earnest to save Monseigneur now as he had before been to destroy him. The door was locked and the room within was silent.

"Two!"

You are beating out one man's existence, you great machine.

"Monseigneur, open the door! I wish to speak with you! There is another way we can arrange it!"

But there came no sound from within.

"Three!"

One life is shortening now as the seconds between the strokes shorten, and he is thinking of his love.

"For God's sake, open, Monseigneur! You will leave here in the morning—will you not? And all will be well."

Still that terrible, black silence!

"O God! he will not answer and I cannot burst the door! Hear me, Monseigneur! You will make me guilty of murder! Open for her sake!"

"Four!"

But with the clang of the clock there was another sound, so intermediate and so interwoven that it seemed part of the chime's noise and its echo—part of the echo which the wind was carrying past.

But it was only the noise made by the bursting of the door which Honri had forced. Nothing else. For when Honri entered the room was empty, but one window to the side of the veranda, which had been closed, was now open.

And Honri at that moment knew not which to say: "Thank God!" or "The Coward!" till he found a scrap of paper on which had been hastily written:

"Do not think that I shirk death because of cowardice. For it requires more courage for me to live than it takes to die. I wish to die in my native home, where I am known and where my race died before me. For, if strangers should see me, they would know the secret my family has tried so hard to keep silent. That is all, Monsieur, and that is why I take the coward's course. May God give you the wisdom to see it in this its true light. Neither you, nor she whom I love, will ever see me again—on a Le Grande honor, which is as great as the Bible."

Then Honri did say: "Thank God! I bless you, Monseigneur, for you speak truly. You are a greater man in living than in dying."

And Honri heaved a deep sigh. Part was of relief for himself and part was of sadness for Monseigneur.

The next day he inquired and found that a man of Monseigneur's description had taken passage at Havre on a western-bound vessel whose destination was past the place of Monseigneur's home.

THE FIVE PUZZLING WORDS.

THAT evening Honri returned to the chateau, locked himself in his room, drew from his bosom the yellow parchment and tore from it the note in the foreign language. No one save him knew of its existence; he told no one, and his sister went to the Violet nunnery upon the Carmelite Hills unknowing.

That evening Honri tore the note into fragments and threw them into the fire. Before doing so he read aloud five words, and they, when translated from the Spanish, were:

"Portrait, Herbert Le Grande, a leper!"

SINCE some riotous Pennsylvania miners were shot a few days ago by sheriff's deputies a portion of the newspaper press has been treating the incident with the self-sufficiency peculiar to persons entirely ignorant of the subject on which they are talking. The visual contemplation of a lot of riotous Hungarian miners by some of the editors alluded to would be an interesting spectacle, could it be enjoyed from a safe distance. Angry strikers of any nationality are not easy men to manage, but when they are Americans, Irishmen or Germans there is likely to be among them a few who are on the side of law and order and upon whom the authorities may depend for assistance in preserving the peace. The Hungarian miners are of different quality; their capacity for excitement seems unlimited, as is their capacity for drink. They know little about the law and care less, and official forbearance has the effect of making them hold the authorities in contempt. They yield only to force, and the longer this is delayed the more serious the trouble is sure to be. On the other hand, sheriff's posse in the coal-mining regions are about as reluctant to fight as so many Quakers, for they know they will be marked men forever after shooting. Beyond doubt the Pennsylvania posse fired because absolutely compelled to do so.

rendition of Theocritus; so, too, with over a hundred other Greek poets and dramatists.

Mr. Cummings adds that he had supposed Vergil was beyond the reach of any such assault. I love him for that supposition. In view of it I may suppose that he has never read the Eclogue—the second, if I remember rightly—which begins *Formosum pastor*, and I hope he won't. It might confuse his conception of ignorance. Perhaps his morals, too. In the literature with which he shows himself so familiar there are indeed philosophers who blame the vices of which poets and dramatists tell. But to them every sin was equally sinful. Gluttony they held quite on a par with debauchery. They did not discriminate. Hence a confusion arose with which ignorance has collaborated. Besides, in days gone by these philosophers were regarded as lunatics. They were parodied on the stage, beaten in the streets. Where they were not accepted as buffoons, they were exiled. It took Christianity to change all that. If Mr. Cummings is unaware of it, I am glad to inform him. It has occurred to me, however, that that which seems indecent to President Andrews and to every other decent-minded person may not seem indecent to him, in which case, while I cannot offer him my congratulations, I can at least appreciate his annoyance, though not the manner in which it is expressed. The style of a classicist should be more polished.

Mr. William Watson, who, in addition to being one of the most rhythmical, is one of the most stately of living poets, produces in the last "Fortnightly" a poem entitled "The Unknown God"—not the God of Hosts, nor yet the God of Greece, but the God that appeals to the heart of man when he waxes his trivial self away—the God suggested in the new Logia of the Christ:

"The God I know of, I shall ne'er
Know, though He dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood and there am I;
Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far, for me to know."

"Lest we forget," said Mr. Kipling recently. We have forgotten, Mr. Watson replies.

"Best by remembering Him, say some,
We keep our high imperial lot.
Fortune, I fear, hath oftentimes come
When we forgot—when we forgot!
A lovelier faith, their happier crown,
But history laughs and weeps it down."

I should say so. And Mr. Kipling would, too, were he as enamored of history as he is of fiction.

Dr. Maurer, in the last issue of the "Meteorologische Zeitschrift," states that during certain intervals, extending as a rule to about fifteen years, there is a recognized change of warm and cold periods. The warm periods do not simply include a series of unusually warm summers, they include also a series of unusually mild winters. Similarly during a cold cycle, not only are the winters more than ordinarily severe, the summers, too, are below the average heat. Dr. Maurer adds that he can predict with tolerable accuracy the date of the next warm cycle. It will occur somewhere about the close of this century and the beginning of the next. If the data on which this prediction is founded are exact—and far be it from me to even suspect that they are otherwise—then must the close of the century be closer than I thought. Far closer. Barring the summer which has gone, the previous ten have been Senegambian, nothing less. For that matter a fortnight ago a thermometer of which I am by no means the proud possessor ran up to 110, and might have run higher, might have run out of sight, had not the manufacturer arrested its possibilities just there. If two or three years hence it is to be hotter than that, we may thank Nansen for his tip and the sooner we hear from Andree's balloon the better.

About this time last year Mrs. Charlotte Smith was running around town abusing the bicycle, denouncing the bicycle girl, demanding legislative interference, and generally endeavoring and usually succeeding in getting her name in print. Of other misdemeanors of which she may have been guilty the defendant wots not. She got into leaded type and then got out. Silence enveloped her. Into the obscurity from which she had momentarily emerged she dropped from sight. Adieu, belle dame, I murmured. It is Auf Wiedersehen I should have said, for here she is again. Connected—by marriage, I presume—with the Women's Rescue League of Boston, she has just Whereas and Resolved the bachelor out of politics—all by herself, be it understood, and not because there was any need for such a proceeding, but just because of the microbe of publicity which has batten on her and from which only in death will she be freed. Personally she has my sympathy. The point, however, is elsewhere. This lady believes, or affects to believe, that the private life of a public man must, in the absence of a wife, be necessarily tainted. This is a very fair sample of ignorance and a very fair sample of prurience also. With the latter the other is always allied. The public man who is worth his constituency is one whose life is mental. If he be but a degree above the average he has everything, even to the necessities of the heart, in his brain. Ambition to him is a divinity, a jealous one at that, one that will permit no other worship, one that forces him to shut inclinations and desires into cages, where, merely for distraction, now and then he may perhaps be permitted to go and see how they are. Barring the prelate, there is no one whom celibacy better befits. "Whoso," said Bacon, "hath wife and children has given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or of mischief." And Bacon, who was seldom wrong, was right. The world's great teachers have uniformly been celibates. They were aware of what Mrs. Smith is not, and of what I am glad to inform her, that the necessities of the heart and the requirements of the intellect have nothing whatever in common.

Apropos to which the latest manifestation from crankdom is scientific marriage. A young woman,

who should have known better, was preaching it here not long ago, and now Professor Vaught—professor of what?—is indoctrinating Chicago. This erudite has declared that in any given marriage the parties should differ "temperamentally, lineally, complexionally, selfishly, and nationally." Why not individually also? The parties to a given marriage should never differ. In the first place it is not civil. In the second it leads to divorce. The one proper and only basis for matrimony is common affection. People who love belong to each other by right divine. The general opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, there are, however, very few who know what love is. Among those that do fewer there are that tell. A lexicographer, deservedly forgotten, has defined it as a loss in an exchange of ideals. Another wiser, if less epigrammatic, announced it as a something no one knew what, coming no one knew whence, and ending no one knew how. But love has a hundred aspects, a thousand toilets. It may come at first sight, in which event, if it be enduring, it is a result of that intuition which is known as second sight. It may come of the gradual fusion of two natures. It may come of propinquity, of separation, of sympathy, of hatred. And again it may come of natural selection, of the discernment which leads a man through mazes of women to one in particular, to the woman who to him is the one woman in all the world, and manacles him at her feet. That is love in its perfect form. Under its influence the miser turns prodigal, and in the simpleton there awakes a Machiavelli. *Quien se casa por amores ha de river con dolores*, is a Spanish proverb valuable only for quotation purposes. The most elevating, spiritual and spontaneous of sentiments, it is bad enough already that it should be a subject for legislation. The Church should have it in charge and the Church alone. But if to legislation science be added, there will be but another illusion abated, a dream that will have disappeared.

Miss Braddon, according to the September "Windsor," "produces" at the rate of fifteen hundred words an hour, which is twenty-five a minute and one and a fraction per second, or just ninety-nine thousand in just three days. If I had not been told I should have believed it. It was in the cradle that I read her first novel. In trying to keep up with her, I have been out of breath ever since. But the "Windsor" has other confidences to impart. Perhaps, it says, "the most interesting features, because the most unusual, of Miss Braddon's method, lies in her occasional adoption of a piece of advice given her by the first Lord Lytton, who recommended that she should attack the third volume after finishing the first, afterward filling in the middle, and thus avoiding the hurried manner and air of fatigue." Isn't that naif, and isn't it delightful? Doesn't it enhance the value of the word and a fraction per second, "produced"? But the advice is sound. By its observance this lady has indeed succeeded in avoiding the hurried manner and air of fatigue. But the advice, though sound, is incomplete. The first Lord Lytton should have told her how the reader might avoid these things also. He didn't, however, and though that is a long time ago, the reader is unrelieved to this day.

The indicting of Mrs. Nack, the conviction of Benham, the trial of Luetgert, and the execution of Butler, are just so much evidence of the stupidity of which the murderer is made. A little care, a little foresight, and all might be free to continue their exploits unchecked. In the case of Butler, however, detection was due less to his own stupidity than to his cheek. Success had made him brazen. "I ought properly to have been hanged fifteen years ago," he confided, in pleasant retrospect, to the detective who caught him; and after confessing to four murders died under suspicion of having committed ten. Be that as it may, he had killed at least one man before he began on the series for which he was ultimately sought. By way of preparation, he could think of nothing better than to have his picture taken, and no nicer depository for it than a Sydney barmaid's pocket. It was that picture multiplied indefinitely which led to his arrest. From Sydney he went forth into the bush with a young chap named Preston. The latter was subsequently found with a bullet through his skull. So too was Captain Lee Weller. So also was a man named Burgess. After every inquest, copies of that picture showed Butler to have been, in each instance, the partner, for gold prospecting purposes of the murdered man. In the absence of that picture he might be gold prospecting still. A little less bravado on his part, a little care on the part of Benham, a little foresight in the sausage man's enterprise, a little sense in the head of that obstetrician, and there would all these charming people be out and about to day. To society in general the stupidity of the few is the advantage of the many.

"The farce is done," said Rabelais on his deathbed, "I am off in search of the Great Perhaps." Anteriorally he had created a language, just as Dante had, just as Luther had been suspected of doing. But in those words was the cradling of French skepticism. Since then every variety of disbelief has found a home or a hospital in France. It has been the nursery of atheism. After the last war it turned to metaphysics for consolation. Schopenhauer received the freedom of Paris. Von Hartmann too. Germany, after conquering with the sword, conquered again with the pen. It was delightful then to see the students argue over terms which they could not pronounce, and lose themselves in misconceptions of the *Ich*, the *non-Ich*, and the potency of Bavarian beer. But to what has France been constant? Pessimism, after attracting, repelled. There was too much partridge in it. In solving every problem it left its adherents nothing to do but to bore themselves to death. That defect discovered, promptly it became back number. To change the taste there was a plunge into mysticism. The youth of the schools dreamed of La Trappe. The works of the sophists were replaced by the books of the saints. That was but recently. Now there is a new order of things instigated, I suspect, by Huysmans—an arch fiend, who is an artist. It is the revival of the Kabbala, of Paracelsus, of Hermetic Science and the Occult, the marriage and transmutation of

metals, the hunt for the microbe of gold. A university has been founded in which the principles of alchemy are taught; there is a syndicate to handle the discoveries, and there is an organ, the *Hyperchemie*, which is so suggestive of *supercherie* that the whole thing sounds, as it looks, like a fraud.

A recent incident in Ottawa, the love of a priest and maiden, which resulted in the penitence of the one and the cloistering of the other, has, by the press at large, been compared to the episode of Abelard and Heloise. It is difficult to see why. The Canadian cleric wished to renounce his vows in order that he might marry his ward, and the French thinker entered the church after his pupil had become his wife. There the similarity begins and ends, and there does not seem too much of it. But for the purposes of leaded type let it suffice. Abelard, if but a memory to-day, was once thoroughly alive. He filled Europe with the uproar of his eloquence. Heloise too was famous. "Her renown," he wrote, "has spread through France." In her was that rarity, beauty and intellect, combined. In Abelard there was a union of Antinous, Cicero, Petrarch and Schubert. He was not only handsome and an orator, he was a poet and a musician. In the solitude of Paraclete, in which he was buried, Heloise survived him twenty years. When she was dying she directed that her body be placed at his side. Then the love which had united and separated them manifested itself in what the beholders regarded as a miracle. When the coffin in which Abelard had been placed was opened for Heloise, the arm of his skeleton, compressed beneath the lid, opened too to receive her. They may not have been altogether lovely and pleasant in their lives, but at least in death they were not divided.

"Monseigneur," a story which appears in another column, is the most delightful bit of fiction that I have encountered for many a day. It is fiction, and of the proper kind. There is a thrill at the end of each chapter, and for a climax there is a shudder. It is not written to instruct, and there is no moral in it. There is no naturalism either, no realism, no psychology, and it never could have happened. In addition, it deceives you abominably. As it proceeds you think of all sorts of things but the right one. That you don't discover until the end, and for the very good reason that the *motif* is new. My friend and brother-in-letters, M. Georges Polti, produced some time ago a work in which he demonstrated that there are but thirty-six dramatic situations. Schiller maintained that there were more, and could not find as many. But Schiller had a fiber lacking. The number of possible situations coincides with the number of possible emotions. In their maximum is the whole savor of existence—the sum and substance of history. Diminish them and you lower the lights, increase them and you add to life. Said Festus:

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs."

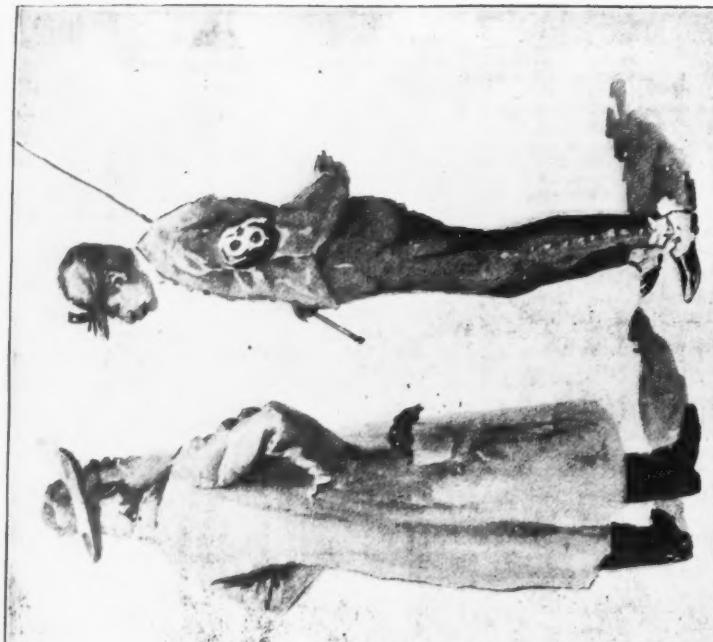
There is the beauty of "Monseigneur"; it provides a new heart-throb, and increases by one the number of dramatic situations. But read and see.

THE South is having great success with its cotton-mills. In the last seven years the number of spindles has more than doubled, and although a few concerns have failed or reduced their output, the proportion has been no greater than comes in any and all other businesses through bad management. The success of the Southern cotton-mills has been due to combining the output to grades of goods for which there is large demand in the South itself and to which but little attention is paid by the large Northern mills, so the Southerners have had to compete only with one another, and their market was close at hand.

EFFORTS to resuscitate dead issues are not paying expenses this year. It was not to be expected that all of last year's advocates of the free coinage of silver would have changed their minds because of the fall in price of the metal itself and the discovery, during the recent "boom" of business, that there is already ample currency to move the crops and transact all other exchanges. Nevertheless, the national free silver meeting at Springfield, O., long advertised and for which great preparations had been made, was a dismal failure. Springfield is not a very large city, but the highest recorded attendance in the big tent could have been matched by any of the combinations of cabinet-organ performances and quack-medicine peddling that occasionally invade Springfield's streets. The managers seemed to comprehend that silver had lost its pull, for they changed the subject to "government by injunction" and "the slaughter of innocents" (Hungarian rioters). Professional shouters everywhere should take a hint from the hand-organ men, who change tunes when the old ones are worn out.

THE merchant marine of the United States, which includes all classes of vessels in the carrying trade, was increased by only sixty-five thousand tons during the last fiscal year, and all the increase was on the Great Lakes; there was a decrease of twenty thousand tons on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and no gain on the Pacific. This does not imply that there was no shipbuilding, for nearly three hundred old craft of various sizes went out of existence and their loss, in tonnage capacity, was more than made good. The significant fact conveyed by the figures is that at present on the water we are gaining in carrying capacity only where we must: on the Lakes it is a question of American vessels or none; on the seacoast foreign competition is too strong to be fought except by capitalists who can afford to fight for the mere fun of the thing. No amount of patriotic indignation will ever change this humiliating state of affairs until our navigation laws are changed in many details which our shipbuilders prefer shall remain as they are.

ANY lady can make her soiled kid gloves look like new by rubbing either Dobbins' Electric or Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap on a piece of dampened flannel, and applying it lightly to the glove. It works like magic. Try it.



THE CLOSING DAYS AT OLD FLEETWOOD PARK.

2.—SOME DRIVERS.

1.—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARK.

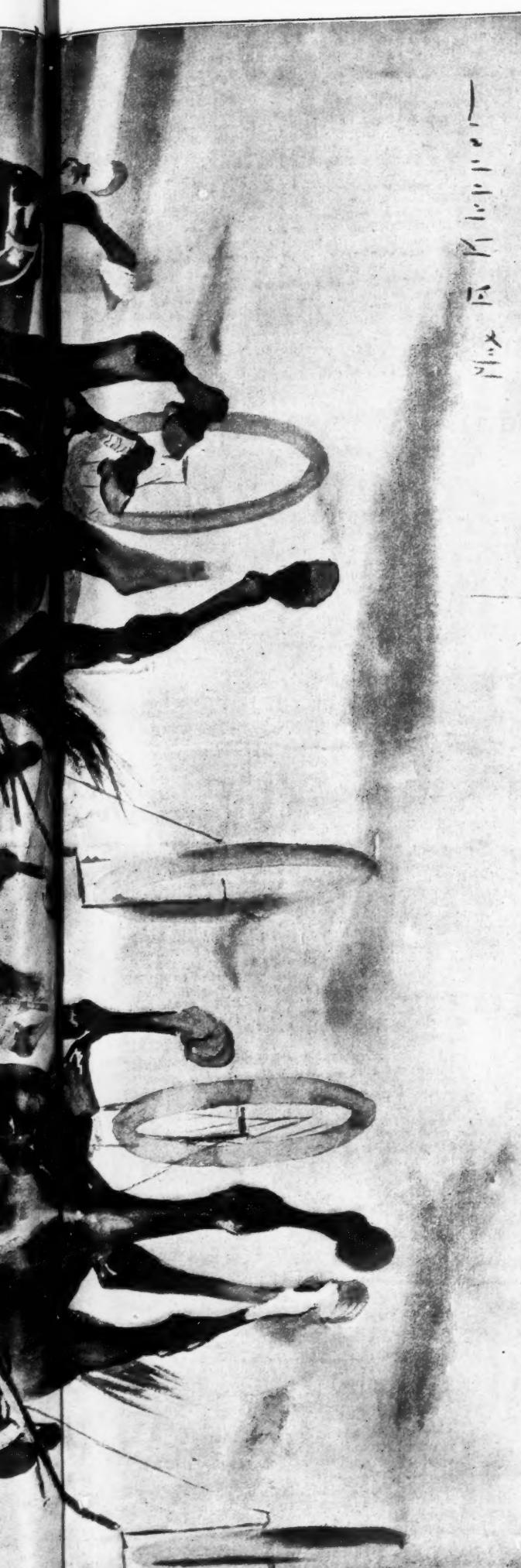
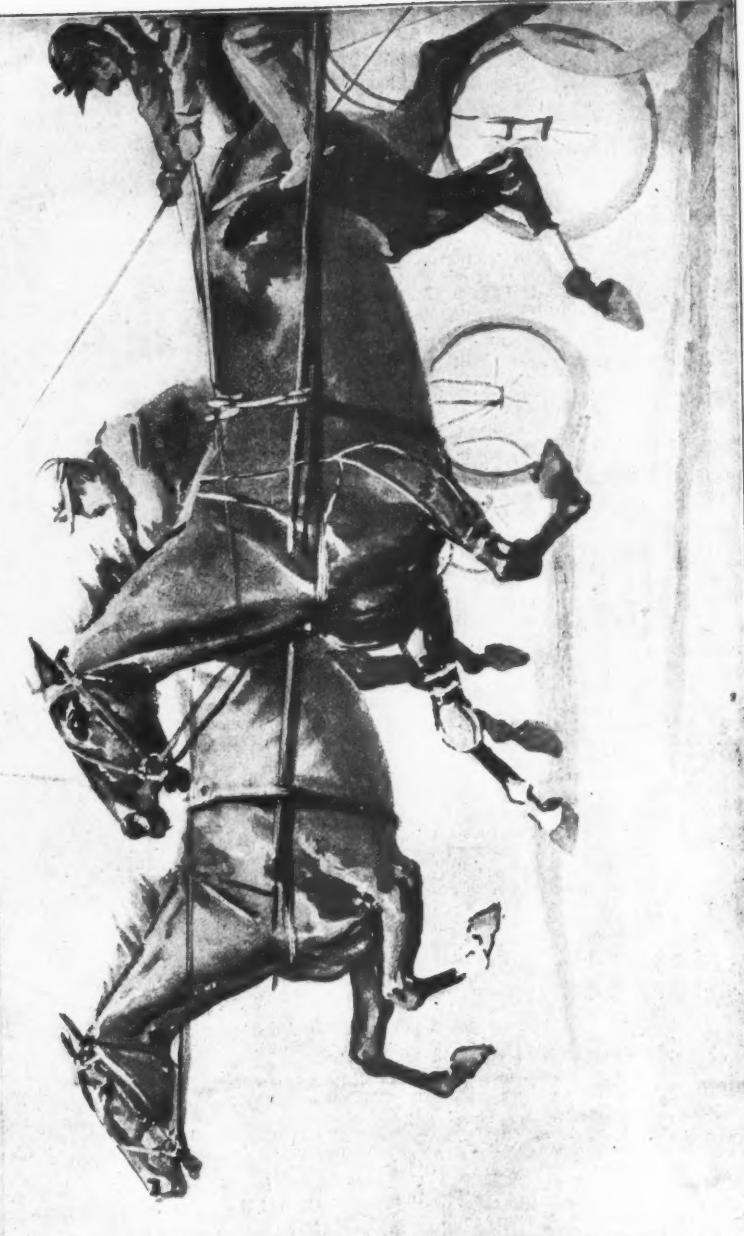
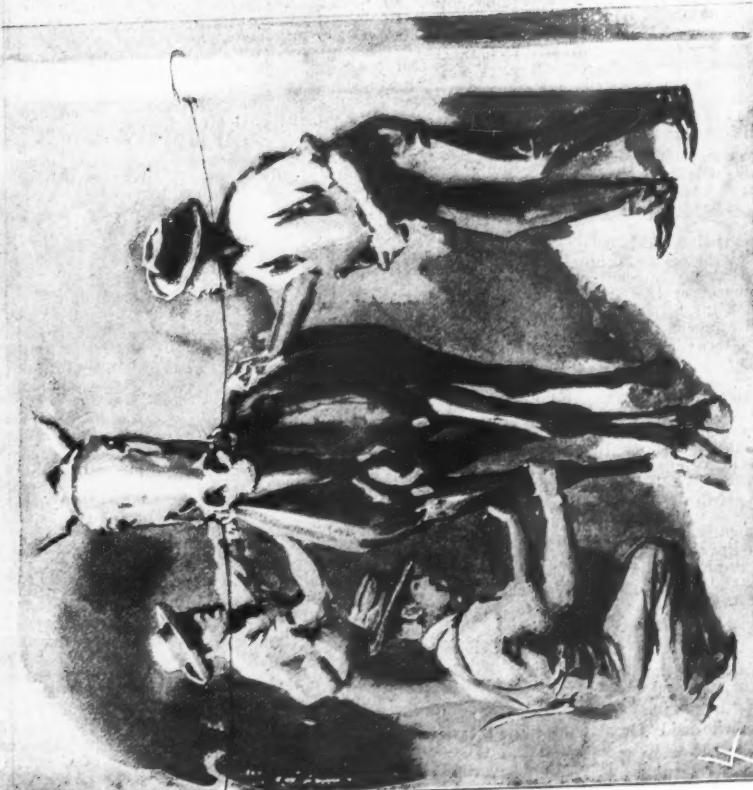
COLLIERS WEEKLY, VOL. XIX., NO. 25.

4.—COOLING OFF.

5.—A PACEMAKER.

3.—A FATAL BREAK.

1.—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARK.



MEN MANNER & MOODS

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LVIII.

A RECENT article in the London "Daily News," evidently written by that Mighty Literary Monarch, Mr. Andrew Lang, is fraught, for liberal Nineteenth Century thinkers, with a peculiar irritating sting. It is an essay on the new edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Vernon's "Readings on the *Purgatorio* of Dante." "When once a man has begun really to study the *Divina Commedia*," says our Monarch, "he is provided with intellectual occupation for the rest of his life." Occupation—yes. But surely by no means of the worthiest kind. Dante was born in the year 1265. He was literally drenched with what most sensible people now admit to have been the very grossest superstition. He was persecuted because of political opinions, like thousands of other people, small and large, having fought against the Ghibellines at Campaldino as an ardent supporter of the Guelphs. He wandered through Italy, poor and ill, finding refuge first at the princely court of Verona, then at that of Ravenna, where in 1321 he died. During this itinerant banishment the *Inferno* and *Paradiso* were both probably written. They are astonishing works, considering the time of their composition, and they have undoubtedly had immense influence upon the purely technical development of Italian letters. But one of them, the much-vaunted *Inferno*, teems with what would now be called infamous taste. Dante first constructed a hell in which there was far more of the revolting than the sublime—a hell which his superior, Milton, would have shrank from portraying, and in which he doubtless did not believe.

Then Dante peopled this hell with all the bad people he knew, some of whom were not half as bad as his venomous hate caused him to consider them. The more he abhorred, the greater horrors of punishment he inflicted on his deceased foes. What he did in the Thirteenth Century would in this have been rated as rancorous past all bounds of decent dignity. And yet Mr. Lang (or if not he, who?) commits himself to such twaddle as the following:

"After reading two or three consecutive cantos of his indeed divine poem, we are irresistibly disposed to exclaim: 'Why do we ever read anything else?' To do so is to descend from the empyrean, from the intangible ether, to the gross ground of everyday experience. But it is not possible to dwell overlong at a time in that rarefied air. The 'Divina Commedia' is like nothing written either before or after it. It is as solitary and as majestic as the Matterhorn. No doubt, there is one Englishman whose genius is equal to Dante's, though of a somewhat different quality. There are, in modern literature, the twin Peaks of Parnassus, and they are called Dante and Shakespeare. Compared with them, all others are in the valley."

Shakespeare and Dante, forsooth! The comparison is simply droll. It is like comparing the sad loveliness of the Appian Way, bordered by memorable yet crumbling tombs, with Alpine grandeur and calms. And to say of Dante that after reading two or three cantos of his often sickening verse we are tempted to exclaim: "Why do we ever read anything else?" is the very summit of priggish affectation. Imagine how agreeable and companionable a person would be who never did read "anything else." It is hard to preserve a patient attitude toward this species of gush. One often feels that the reverse, crass illiteracy, would be refreshing. Years ago, at boarding-school, I remember that when my class first began the reading of Homer our teacher required us to inscribe on the blank pages of our books this piece of fatuous doggerel from Lord Roscommon:

"Read Homer once, and you will read no more,
All other books will seem small, mean, so poor.
Read him again, and you will cease to read,
For Homer will be all the books you need."

Sir Walter Besant has just been advising new authors to send their books to authors of established repute. He says that he himself, as an author of established repute, has very little time for the proper consideration of such gifts, but that, nevertheless, he commends the proffering of them. For my own part I am often tempted to wish that no writer would ever send me one of his compositions. Long ago I found that an acknowledgment of these courtesies belonged among my fixed principles: and indeed I do not see how any man can fail to notice such donations and yet hold himself to be a gentleman. At the same time, to speak quite bluntly, is it gentlemanlike to lie? And in certain cases what else can one do? The new writer is not satisfied if you merely tell him that you have received his book and are grateful for his thought of you. He wants you to inform him that you have not only read it but that you think it conspicuously fine. Sometimes the rack and the thumb-screw could not wring from him any such admission; but he so desires, all the same. Now, as it chances, nearly everything that you receive, from year to year, is ephemeral, mediocre. But sometimes it is much worse than that: it is the rankest trash. And in such cases its recipient has but one polite course—mendacity. For, however immoral it may be, unblushing falsehood frequently coexists with blameless manners.

Was it not Pope who said "Great oaks from little acorns grow"? And was it not Sydney Smith who parodied the line into "Great aches from little toe-corns grow"? I have a New York friend who simply stepped down across the gutter, one day—something that he had done thousands of times before, as we have all done it and are all doing it—and lo, a curious sprain of a tendon of the knee kept him lame for two years! Another case, nearly similar, I can also recall. "Let

me tell you of something even stranger," said a London acquaintance, of late. A certain lady whom he knew, while passing a table had swept the edge of it with one hand, to brush off a crumb. For three years the hand was helpless. She had dislocated, by some curious process, a ligament of the wrist-bone. To myself a strange thing (not unlike these incidents just recorded, though happily of effect less permanent) occurred but a few days ago. One morning, while dressing, I bruised my arm on its "funny bone" (or "crazy bone," as I hear they call it in Boston) and hardly gave the matter even a passing thought. One reflection, I do remember, however, to have made, and it was this: "What twinges in my elbow I escaped by not striking it harder!" For who, at some time in his life, has not felt tempted to shriek on occasions like these? . . . Three or four days passed; I dined out; I went to theaters; I had no discomfort in my arm, except a faint stiffness. Suddenly, one morning, at about five o'clock, I awoke in agony. You could have covered the *locale* of my agony with an English sixpence, but that did not prevent it from seeming as big as the earth. So exquisitely poignant was it, in fact, that the utmost capacities of pain seemed to be drawn upon. There were two long paroxysms—or perhaps visitations would be the better word. The first lasted five hours, the second about three. Then came the priceless boon of relief. Medical opinion put the affair in terse terms. I had dealt a hurt to the chief nerve of my elbow, and in that hurt I had caught a neuralgic cold. This all has a simple enough sound, and yet it meant for me, with hardly much hyperbole, a torture-chair, an iron virgin, a gridiron of St. Lawrence. Till of late it seemed impossible that from such airy trifles monsters of such solid import could spring.

France is just now hilarious over the visit to Russia of President Faure, and England is mildly ironical on the same subject. The "friendship" of France for Russia means one of those droll manifestations which often emanate from a country as wise as it is rash, as witty as it is stupid, and somehow as little gifted with a sense of humor as with that same quality it often seems lavishly endowed. Never was there such an absurd national alliance! On the part of France every sane person knows perfectly well that it is inspired by hate of Germany. On the part of the Czar—for there is no Russia except the Czar—it is inspired by . . . what Good nature? Admiration of French art, literature, cooking? France has fought passionately, wildly, and sometimes wickedly, for political liberty, and in a measure she has obtained it. Russia, still swamped in brutal despotism, surely should not rouse in her the faintest feeling of admiration. Indeed, it is most probably true that France at heart despises Russia; one can ill see how any other sort of sentiment could exist. Napoleon endeavored to crush her out of existence in 1812, and since his disastrous failure to do so the Gallic scorn of her "barbarism" has not diminished.

Meanwhile the "high jinks" in which M. Faure is to participate at St. Petersburg are calculated to make the disrespectful giggle. It is declared that the "Marselaise" has been translated into Russian, and is to be sung with complimentary vehemence by multitudes of Slavs to their republican guest. Really it does not seem as if mockery, not to say pure farce, could take a more ludicrous form. Not long ago to sing a bar of this most seditious hymn might have meant exile to the Siberian mines. "Now," says a leading London sheet, "in the midst of a people who do not know in their own daily life what constitutional liberty means, the strain that tells of wrecked thrones and the wild triumph of the people's right is to be chanted with acclaim."

Speaking of Rouget de Lisle's revolutionary song, it was sung last Sunday afternoon (August 22) in Trafalgar Square, by a rather spineless collection of anarchists. They had given out that they would assemble there, and they did. The "demonstration" proved a sorry failure in every conceivable respect. Some of the speakers declared themselves quite out of sympathy with the avowed object of the gathering, and stated that they wished merely to denounce the "atrocities" wreaked upon certain persons of "advanced" opinions by the government of Spain. These "atrocities" have never been proved at all, and they are just as improbable, for this reason, as though they concerned unverified tidings of our own Toms, Dicks or Harrys having been scalped by Indians in Omaha or Wyoming. They are even more improbable, since they allege that tortures were inflicted upon a body of men in a Spanish prison—and tortures are not an "up-to-date" proceeding in any civilized country. Tortures are what anarchists inflict, as we have ample proof. They are fond of filling their bombs with nails, and when the bombs explode the nails do not always promptly kill, but bed themselves in the flesh of hundreds of bystanders and inflict torments which last, sometimes, for years, even if they do not create pyramia, lock-jaw and other lingering forms of death. The Madrid theater explosion was one instance of this fiendishness, and the Terminus Hotel outrage, in Paris, was another. It has always seemed to me somewhat peculiar that these assassins should be so reckless regarding the death and misery which their implements of "vengeance" pour upon their own associates. Innocent men, women and children may suffer from their ghastly dynamitic deeds. That kind of affliction it is quite supposable that they should ignore, including it, with handsome cruelty, in the requisitions of the "cause." But why, in the name of this "cause" (conceding, for the moment, that it is not a synonym of all vilest moral filth) should they show so little mercy toward their "fellow-enthusiasts"? From five to a score of these are nearly always in the neighborhood of their bombs when wholesale slaughter and mutilation are effected. Possibly the perception of this grisly fact may have impelled them recently, to employ the dagger, which they have done with such dire result, in the case of Carnot and Canovas.

Each of these murderers, as we are all aware, vested himself in one devilish kind of dignity. Neither the slayer of the French President nor of the Spanish Premier sought to escape. They both clad a cowardly deed with unquestioned courage. They knew that to

kill another meant death for themselves, and they faced this certain doom. If Carnot or Canovas had been dreadful tyrants, like Robespierre or Torquemada, their acts would have bid fair to receive the plaudits of history. In the existent circumstances they stand a secure chance of being loaded with its obloquy. They were two rattlesnakes, but unhappily rattlesnakes are known not to be "afraid." They bury their fangs in the flesh of lions. Moreover, we have every reason to feel confident that there are more reptiles in the same den whence these have emerged. Suppose there are still more than we now believe. Lower Italy has for centuries been a literal hell of iniquity. These two amazing criminals were Neapolitans. Beautiful Naples is full enough of bloodthirsty villains, but further south the descendants of the old medieval blackguard banditti still viciously thrive. When men who are half educated become so convinced of the virtue of a vile idea that they are willing to die in defense of it, then decent society should try a little "anarchy" on its own account. No better or kinder king than Umberto I. ever lived. But he would be justified by the combined civilized world if to-day he should place the entire nether portion of his peninsular realm under martial law and treat as bull terriers treat rats these foes of a progress which it has taken us at least five slow thousands of years to achieve. Come, now, Umberto! You fought the cholera bravely, not many years ago, and risked your own precious life in doing it. Here are some other microbes for you to exterminate. The "sole" of your "Italian boot" needs cleaning, and repairing as well. Set your shoemakers to work. Europe will gratefully listen while their hammers ring, even though they have a sound oddly like the crackle of bullets.

"Sire Degravaunt" we are told, will soon be published as one of William Morris's posthumous works. The story is described as an English metrical romance, reprinted from the Thornton manuscript in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, and it will also contain a woodcut designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones . . . With his brilliant gifts as a designer it seems almost churlish to call William Morris, now that he is no more, a poet of meager powers. And yet as long ago as 1868, or thereabout, when his "Life and Death of Jason" was hailed with tempests of applause, I insisted that the whole work was third-rate. This judgment I have never had reason to reverse. Meanwhile every vestige of the "Morris craze" has long ago vanished, and people who sighed over the "dreamy sweetness" and "subtle fascination" of the "Earthly Paradise" pentameters have in many cases forgotten that they ever did so. Seldom have popularity and vogue been more easily won, though both were stamped with the seal of a certain doom. Hundreds of versifiers could then have spun out the same kinds of metric tales as those of Morris; hundreds could do it to-day—and not necessarily accomplished ones, either. This may have a doubtful sound to some ears; but the more that possessors of such skeptical members bend their head upon Morris's verse, the more they will realize its flimsy quality. Mr. Swinburne, at the beginning of his fame, ardently praised it in the "Fortnightly Review." He praised it imprudently, as he does nearly everything, and his own numerous admirers were afterward ready to swear by it. In America Mr. Stedman placed Morris among his "Victorian Poets," actually giving him a place in the same volume as Tennyson, and no small place, either—fatal mistake! But then Mr. Stedman has always "watched the times." Perhaps, however, he could not see that Morris was trumpery, but I cannot understand how or why he did not see that the Morrisian verse was wholly careless and slipshod as art. The same adjective, for example, will be repeated two or three times within a space of eight or ten lines, and the same verb, pronoun, adverb, as well. Here is a specimen of the Morris verse, mere child's-play to any one who has the least knowledge of ordinary sing-song iambic jingle:

Now all the land was filled with autumn's hues,
And many a meadow flashed with morning dews,
And many an evening sunset fair did gleam
With silvery lights that played on pool or stream.
And purple from the yellowing roadside vine
Ripe grapes hung clustering with their weights of
wine,
And birds piped sadly in the faded trees,
And dead leaves fluttered in the wandering breeze.

This is Morris "Nature." One could spin it off by the yard. Morris once told a friend that he had sat up all night finishing a "poem," and that he had written several hundreds of lines—I forgot how many—before he at last allowed himself rest. You can hardly believe that the task was very exhausting, though the loss of proper slumber may have been so.

And this is Morris *Human Nature*, quite as easy to reproduce:

But therewithal Gunhilda to the King
Said many a maidenly bewitching thing,
And sang him pleasant songs, and danced a dance
More sweet than moonlight when its rays do glane
On meadowly meres; and all her golden hair
Fell bounteous o'er her breast and shoulders fair
And milky throat; and well-pleased was the King,
And from his hand he drew a rich-wrought ring
And gave it her, and bade his pages bring
Rare fruits on plates of gold, and meats and wine
And gems that like the moon and stars did shine,
Till half his courtiers gan declare aside:
"Perchance this gold-haired girl may be the bride
Of our great King".

And so on, and so on. Morris is dead, and yet, in a literary sense, all true lovers of true poetry have the right to say of him, provided they do not shrink from so ghastly a pun: "*Moristurus, te salutamus.*"

I am amazed to learn that Mrs. Humphry Ward's last book, "Sir George Tressady," has made no stir at all in England. It has indeed, I am told, fallen flat here. I fight for it, at every opportunity, as one of the strongest and finest novels (always excepting her beautiful "Marcella") which I have read in years. But apparently it is of no use. I have her descriptions of London society, of London political life, of the House of

Commons in its most feverish and polemic mood, proved for her multitudinous townsfolk *trop près de la source*—a subject, in other words, too dearly familiar? Well, if so, that merely proves the ingratitude of great towns. Precisely the same fate awaits him who attempts to portray New York modes, moods, manners and morals. Try to tell of our firework journals, with their plutocratic columns about the Astors and the Astoroids—of our precarious politics—of our social lights and shades—of our East Broadway and Chatham Square—of our Bowery and Atlantic Garden—of our Wall Street and Stock Exchange—and hundreds of voices are always raised, crying “untrue,” “exaggerated,” “insufferably false.” Go into some remote district, on the other hand, and try to paint coarse, silly, vulgar people, and you run a strong chance of being accredited with “power” and “strength.” Mrs. Humphry Ward’s *Sir George Tressady* is worth twenty such novels as Mr. Thomas Hardy’s *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*. Everybody can verify the first, however; very few can verify the last, if such process be possible at all. About Westsex and its villages and towns nobody can have two opinions, provided even their actual prototypes exist, which is doubtful.

Why is poor Boyesen so completely forgotten? It will be two years this coming autumn since he died with such fearful suddenness. Up to that time he had been an extremely popular essayist, his pen pouring forth a continual stream of magazine articles readable and bright. His *Gunnar* was a charming story, and when he wrote simply and of his native land he was apt to write good fiction. But the social life of New York he could not adequately treat, nor indeed any part of its life whatever. He should have been contented with giving us those fine little Norwegian pastorals and dramas, which were at once the testimony and the measure of his talent. When all is said, Boyesen was an immensely able man. I used to tell him that I never could get out of my head, when I met him and talked with him, the remembrance of how amazingly he had mastered the English tongue. To create any sort of reputable English is hard enough; but to create it from sources acquired and not native, borders, for me, upon miracle; and I never recollect seeing in Boyesen’s text the least unidiomatic hint. . . . Why, one cannot help reiterating, have the magazines that so often welcomed his work refused him a single biographic memoir? No literary man in America, it seems to me, was ever so swiftly and thoroughly ignored after his death.

But nowadays the American magazines have no time for literary discussions of literary men or things. They are devoting themselves more and more strenuously each year, each month, to “timely topics.” It is a race between the newspapers and themselves, and the newspapers are now publishing weekly supplements, copiously illustrated, which, in certain instances, they advertise as actual “magazines.” What points of vantage in such rivalry are possessed by *“Harper’s”*, *“The Century”* and *“Scribner’s”* are of a purely material sort. They have better type, better quality of paper, but what else? Oh, one forgets: they have their “poetry”—especially that of Mr. Gilder and Mr. R. U. Johnson. This should be ammunition sufficient for a long-continued fight. Nay, how can our newspaper ever kill our magazine while thousands thirst for these lyrics, unattainable except through the payment of thirty-five cents? The two orphic bards of Union Square will not warble, I believe, at lesser terms; and on their *“allegros”* and *“andantes”* we all know what multitudes wait. Is it not really true that just before the appearance of a new *“Century”*, mistaken policemen have rudely clubbed throngs gathered in East Seventeenth Street, fancying them dangerous law-breakers, when they were only passionate Gilders and Johnsonians, waiting for the first new melodious note from their meistersingers’ cherished lips?

Apropos of literary things, a rather striking experience befell me, here in England, the other day. I had given to a friend (a man of fine intellectual force) one of the recent numbers of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*. Several days passed, during which we often met. I had made no reference to the journal, though once or twice it had struck me as strange that the gentleman had failed to do so. Suddenly, one afternoon, he said: “Oh, by the way, I want to tell you that I have found great pleasure in reading that paper you gave me.” “Do you mean *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*?” I asked. “Yes,” came the earnest reply, “and I wish to assure you that here, in England, we have no publication which even approaches it for solid excellence.” Having examined nearly all of the British weekly issues, I could not but feel that this compliment was devoid of all exaggerated flavor. The leading periodicals of this kind are nothing if not pictorial. They please the eye, and there everything ends. Heavy, creamy pages—clever black-and-white illustrations—these comprise their sole real charm. They may be fortunate in not having the fatuities of Fawcett, but they are none the less exempt from the splendid scholarship of Hazeltine, the unique radiance and finish of Saltus, the blended vigor and dreaminess of Hawthorne. Silly stories and tedious sketches are usually stuffed in between their lavish pictures. I often wonder if any one ever buys them for the purpose of reading them—if any one ever buys them for any other purpose save that of looking at them. Take away from them their “art” element, and what would they be? Take away that same element from *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*, and what would that be? Almost precisely the same, comes the inevitable answer, as it is now—a journal which appeals to the mind far more than to the eye, and one whose

A NEW THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE FOR COLORADO, UTAH AND CALIFORNIA.

The Chicago *Times-Herald* of August 27 says that on September 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train to Omaha and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 1 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific, will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

sole claim for appreciation lies in the dignity, rarity and power of its printed text.

Why do so many Englishmen, when they ask you to dine with them *en tête-à-tête* at their clubs, fail to order dinner until you are seated at the table? For my own part, I would rather have the plainest of repasts than one whose dainty dishes were selected with my own compulsory counsel. The *menu* of the club is opened. “Let us see,” says the host, beginning to inspect it: “what sort of soup do you prefer? M... yes. There’s *consommé*, and—er—*Julienne*, and—er—Scotch broth, and er . . . *St. Germain*. Now, pray, which shall it be?” I must confess that the soup which I always like best, on these occasions, is the one in whose ordering I have had no hand. And with every other course it is precisely the same. But the most perturbing question of all is “Will you have some champagne?” Of course you will, if your doctor hasn’t forbidden it, and quite often if he has. But how much better to see it in a cooler on the floor, as you seat yourself, than to be present while it is lugger forth from quarters unknown! “Please have it well iced,” your host will be apt to instruct the waiter, perhaps in polite tribute to your American birth. But he forgets that no wine can be properly iced in this impromptu way, and that in order to have champagne as “we” drink it you must have let it remain in the cooler a good half-hour before it is uncorked.

Speaking of wines in clubs, I had, not long ago, a curious experience. I was dining with a friend at that enormous and really splendid caravansary, the Constitutional Club—itself a palace amid other palaces (like the Métropole and Victoria hotels) on Northumberland Avenue. Just after the fish, and before the champagne, my friend asked me if I would not have a milk-punch with my fish? I looked at him in amazement, and while a plate of appetizing whitebait was put down before me I was assailed, it must be admitted, by almost a nauseous pang. If he had said a cocktail with my fish it would have been bad enough. If he had said an egg-nogg it would have been still worse. But a milk-punch at such a time struck me as being hardly less *mala-proposito* than either. “Don’t you think,” I feebly murmured, “that a drink like that, with so much milk in it, is more suitable as a ‘pick-me-up’ when a person doesn’t want to eat at all?” Here my friend gave a start; he had been in America; he remembered, and brought out a retrospective laugh. “Oh,” he said, “it isn’t *that* sort of thing a bit. Wait and see.” I waited and saw. I also tasted and enjoyed. The Constitutional Club milk-punch (for I believe it is a potion peculiar to that establishment) proved to be no milk-punch at all. It was served in sherry glasses, and was the hue of sherry as well, and it smelled slightly of rum and of other liquors besides. The instant I took a sip of it I realized that it was intensely agreeable, decidedly *têtu*, and perhaps quite as indigestible as those polychromatic *pousses-café* which young men, inexperienced in nine o’clock A.M. headaches, order so recklessly at nine o’clock P.M. . . . “Why on earth do you call it a milk-punch?” I asked of my entertainer. He couldn’t tell me. It was one of the Constitutional Club secrets. I couldn’t help wondering if anybody out of its three thousand members could have given me a definite answer. But the English always had a peculiar inappropriateness in naming their drinkables and edibles, both. Only to quote a few instances of such oddity, they call “lemon squash” what with us and the French is equally known as lemonade; they include all candies under the vague term of “sweets”; and they give to those little cabbage-heads which we define as Brussels sprouts the absurdly insufficient title of “greens”—one that would apply with similar pertinence to spinach, not to mention lettuce, peas and beans.

One of London’s most representative features, I should say, is the prevalence and ubiquity of its lodging-houses. Those who come “up to town” for a night or two, and wish to avoid the glare and noise and publicity of hotels, can find numberless quiet little houses where good beds are provided them and meals are served in private rooms. Nothing of the same sort exists in Paris, and only boarding-houses may be said to represent the same idea in New York. Yet who would think of going to a New York boarding-house for a briefer time than two weeks? But here in London you arrive from the country and take a sitting-room and a bedroom for twenty-four hours, your breakfast, dinner and luncheon being brought you as “extras,” if so desired. Thousands of the most cultivated people, living in the country—and a permanent home in the country is here almost another word for cultivation—adopt this mode of metropolitan sojourn. Every lodging-house, as a rule, has its *clientèle* of rural guests. The custom originated more than two centuries ago, when the hotels were mere primitive inns, haunted by bad characters and sometimes made odious by drunken brawls. English conservatism, for this reason, has preserved the existence of the lodging-house, and this, in its more modest way, has kept pace with the wonderful improvements of London hotels. In my own opinion, there is no pleasanter way of living, provided your landlady is conscientious in the matter of cleanliness, cookery and service. We Americans have done a good deal, however, to spoil the London lodging-house. We have sometimes paid higher prices than were at all necessary, just as we have tossed two shillings to cabmen who only expected one. For ten years past we have rushed over in swarms each “season,” and prices have gone up accordingly. But when September drives us westward again, the proprietary powers “pull in their horns.” Then three guineas and a half per week become two guineas, if not less, and a dinner that costs eight shillings may be secured for five. Still, when the east winds begin their surly conspiracies with the relentless rains, then the London lodging-house loses nearly all its former charm. It is apt to be an old building, and hence hatefully draughty. Moreover, its fireplaces are so meager that you cannot put enough coal into them for purposes of cheerful warmth. Do what you will, the spell of contentment is broken, and memories of our horribly overheated New York dwellings (which only last year you were execrating) haunt you with remorseful stress.



XXXVI.

HOT weather in September is good for not even summer hotel-keepers; for they have advertised their closing day at just about the hottest swelter of the month. To turn hundreds of dollars out-of-doors just because, in your ignorance of the future, you said you would, must make the heat hotter yet. But heat out of season makes us impatient of all things, including news, unless they be of the most exhilarating tenor. Now, of course, we have the news of Returning Prosperity; but even that suffers already from staleness, and from the fact that the Republican party cannot make the rest of the country believe that it is due to Republican politics, and not to wheat. It can no longer be called news, either, that out-of-town merchants have been flocking to town to buy things; and still the heat abates not. Nevertheless, we seem to be better off than we are; and we shall now proceed to forget the lessons of the past, and get in train to repeat the follies that produced our misfortunes. Nations do not learn by experience; and by the time circumstances have diminished their opportunities to go wrong, they are about ready to go to pieces by agencies other than their own.

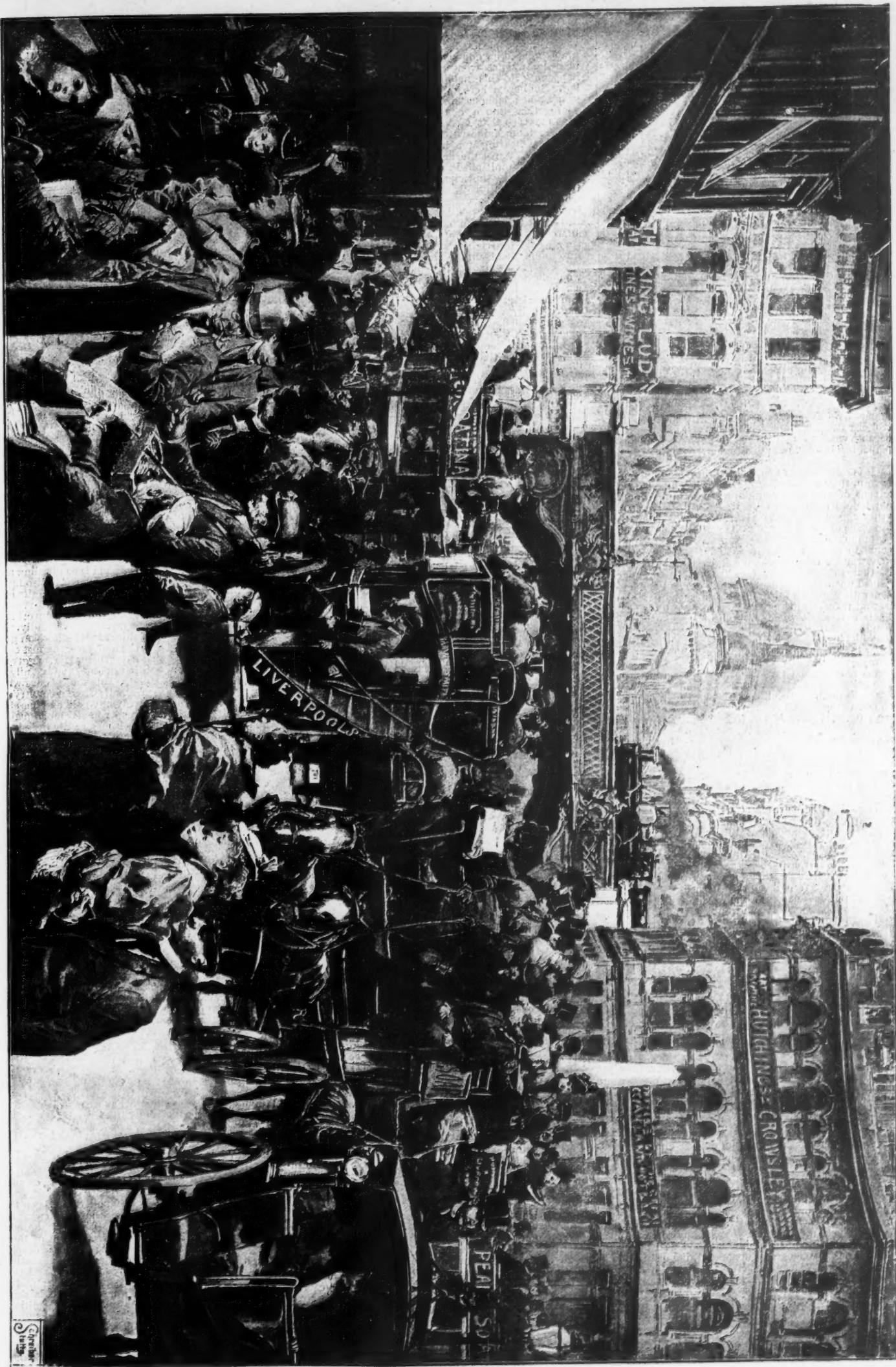
If we cannot have good news, we want news so bad as to liven us up a little. Accordingly we make the most of the recent shooting of miners in the coal regions. The miners, it appears, do not like being shot; and the anarchists throughout the country are seizing the opportunity to put forth their sanguinary manifestoes. For my part I see nothing for it but to shoot mobs who break the law; and the fact that the persons shot are foreigners who have not even been at the trouble to get naturalized does not diminish my resignation. The information that Austria threatens us with war because the men were Hungarians tends to make my resignation resemble satisfaction. Let us go to war with Austria by all means; whether we are beaten or not, it may temporarily stop the importation of worthless scum of Europe to our shores. Of course, it is not nice to get shot, or even to shoot; and women and children always seem to get hit; but we cannot consent to be governed by foreign mobs. I have no sympathy with the operators, however. They imported these people because they would work cheap; they struck because they came to the conclusion that they were cheaper than they ought to be. But as to the stories about starvation, I believe them to be apocryphal. These foreigners never saw so much money in their lives, until they came here, as these same starvation wages. I saw starvation—the real thing—in India; and it was a very different thing from the worst that has ever been known in this country.

But ought operators to be blamed? No: nor millionaires either: the vice is a national one: it is greed, and pervades every class of our community. We all alike want big profits, and want them quick. The men are just as greedy as the masters; and the trades-unions and labor-federations make things worse by inflaming ignorant laborers with the notion that they are being robbed. What if they are?—So are the millionaires being robbed by the tax assessors. We are all robbing one another; it is “business.” Who is to blame?—Everybody: the operators because they underpaid; the miners because they struck; the deputies because they fired; and so on. Each shifts the blame on the others’ shoulders, and nobody gets punished. The real culprit is the money-making spirit which possesses the country, which is called prosperity when it is making, and disaster when it is losing. In truth, it is disaster always.

The kind of patriotism that will enter upon a war to defend the “national honor” is common enough; but the kind of patriotism that will sacrifice present profit to save the country from industrial misfortune is so rare that there is practically none of it. War with Spain is popular, because the acts of Spain toward Cuba are detestable in themselves, and because they militate against our Cuban commerce; and also because we think we can give Spain a thrashing. War with Japan is less popular, because Hawaii is not apparently so valuable from the commercial standpoint as Cuba is, and because Japan would give us a harder fight than Spain. There is, besides, a large class in the country who would profit directly by any war; and another class who, having nothing to do, or being in want of a change, would like to do some fighting. The real justifications of either war, based on far-reaching statesmanship, are adduced indeed, but they have no real weight; we would be just as ready to fight, and no slower, if they did not exist. At the bottom of it all is the restlessness of mankind, who have so increased the comforts of life by civilization, that life has become intolerable, and the only relief is to be doing something, and the only thing to do is to make money, or to make trouble. The limit of external enjoyment in life is soon reached; and then follows the curse; what is to be done except to get more enjoyment of the same kind?—and what is to happen when we discover that there is no more enjoyment of the same kind to be had? Religion says, “Seek the Kingdom of God and its righteousness;” and it says well; but nobody listens to religion, because it is now a lifeless spinner of formulas. We even try to invent new religions, or to take up old ones; but the life is lacking in them, too. Science interests us for a moment, because it seems to promise increase of power and opportunity; but its performance cannot keep pace with its promise, still less with our impatience; so we damn science, too. But even if science could, on the (Continued on page 22.)



THE FIRST TRIP TO SCHOOL.



LUDGATE HILL, LOOKING FROM FLEET STREET.—THE NEWSPAPER ROW OF LONDON.



BATHING is always pleasant; with PEARS' Soap it is a luxury. You never can find another toilet soap that so closely comes up to the ideal of perfection, and so long as fair, white hands, a bright, clear complexion and a soft, healthful skin continue to add to beauty and attractiveness so long will

Pears' Soap

continue to hold its place in the good opinion of women who wish to be beautiful and attractive. It can be used on the coarsest and most sensitive skin, even that of new-born babe.

moment, do all we ask of it, and give us absolute control of nature, we should be even worse off than before; because what we really need is not extension on this plane, but introduction to a higher.

It is emergencies of this kind, in which human help is vain, that have uniformly preceded, in history, the advent of new eras containing something which had not before been known in the earth. Two thousand years ago—to go back no further—Christ came to take the place of the Roman Empire; fifteen centuries later, Columbus discovered the New World. What shall come to save us now? We cannot tell; hereafter we may wonder that we did not foresee; but all we know is, that the presentiment of Something to come has gained upon the minds of us all. An evil and corrupt generation seeketh for a sign; the reason of its seeking is, that it feels it has reached the limit of its selfish life. Their extremity, which is God's opportunity, has arrived. But the sign shall be given, not to them, but to that higher self in them which God first calls out, in order to benefit it. The beginnings of these things are always veiled and mysterious: the veil being that it seems natural, and thus turns us from investigating it. The scientific progress of the last hundred years, for example, seems natural, because we can point to each one of the scientific men whose names are associated with it. But why did not those men exist in previous ages? Whence proceeded the mental or spiritual movement and awakening which has carried us further in the last century than we had been before since modern history began? "It happened so;" "The time was ripe;" such are the only explanations we can give; and so the Sphinx keeps her secret.

Meantime there are minor attempts at reform always under way. But, as Mr. Seth Low, in one of his recent interviews or pronunciamientos, remarked, reform has come to have so unsavory an association that he does not like to be associated with it. The trouble seems to be that it is advocated by respectable people; and no one believes that anything new or good can emanate from orthodox respectability. Respectability is timid and stiff; it does not know the world, and shrinks from striking at the root. It comes out with moral platitudes and formulas, and gets caricatured in the comic papers. There is the trail of effeminacy over it; and this country, which can stand so much, cannot stand effeminacy, even when it speaks truth. Mr. Low, as I said last week, is not likely to be next mayor of New York; but he does well not to call himself a reformer. If he reforms, it will be enough. His personal platform is a good one; much better than we deserve to have carried out, or than we shall have carried out for many a day. He comes measurably near being goody-goody himself; but there is a certain masculine fiber about Low that just saves him. But he was born before his time; or rather he will have to be born a greater many times more before he will begin to be elected. We have not yet reached the lowest municipal depth of which we are capable; and therefore no true reaction can as yet set in. The Boss, that unique product of free institutions, is still in the saddle, and party government is still the religion of very sensible and liberal persons.

While the prosperity is running at one end, a reminder of what might be in the way of disaster is poking its nose in at the other. I don't suppose yellow fever can ever really make much of an impression on us; even were it to devastate one part of the country it would fail to get a foothold in the rest of it. There are few epidemics that will stand cold weather. Still, there may be such; or one might be invented specially for our destruction, warranted to take any sort of American climate without winking. A good deal of our climate is deadly enough without anything else; but suppose we did have a species of Black Death of our own. It is entirely possible. Miasmatic conditions might be suddenly developed; or gases might arise from certain districts which would not be money making like those in Pennsylvania, but death dealing; and kill millions. Once a panic was started—and it would be an easy thing to start among us—there would immediately be the devil to pay. Our moneyed aristocracy would of course go abroad, and we might be permitted to hope that they would not come back; which would almost recompense us for a worse misfortune than pestilence; but the ter-

ror and chaos among those who remained would be something unprecedented in national life. It was bad enough in India, where the people are naturally apathetic, and one man knows not what is happening to his neighbor. But here, where telegraph and telephone bind us together into a compact mass, so that I cannot cough in Maine without my hearing me in California, the suffering would be multiplied a myriad-fold by anticipation and sympathy. Then we should find out just how strong civilization is. Not that the beer drinking anarchists would prevail; they would be frightened

into submission from the first; but the value of the outward respect which law-abiding persons feel for law would be tested, with results that would surprise some of us. Poe, in his "Eureka," has sketched a similar condition of society, produced by the imminent destruction of the earth by a comet. When death seems inevitable, disguises fall, and the naked fact is disclosed. And few indeed are those whose naked facts correspond with their outward semblance. They are not, often, themselves aware of this; but at cataclysmal times they find it out; and the surprise of the discovery drives them into even wilder excesses than urges those who always knew that they were no better than they should be. But this is a long subject, and can only be hinted at here.

I feel that I am incapable of taking an optimistic view of anything this week; I have been spending the past fortnight in a renowned city not over a thousand miles from Manhattan. The coolest weather we have had during that fortnight has been ninety degrees in the shade; which is nothing; but when it is accompanied by ninety-eight of humidity, it speaks volumes. Moreover, there is a deadness and depression in the air which I believe to be peculiar to inland countries; why all the world was not made up of seacoasts I never could understand. I would have the planet striped with land and sea, just as our glorious flag is striped with red and white. There is a big lake visible out of the window, to be sure; but that only makes it worse; because you are induced to think of the sea, and this vile travesty of it is the more unendurable. Our Great Lakes must, I am sure, cover some great wickedness, to which Sodom and Gomorrah were white as snow; for they have an evil influence on those who seek their shores. I am insinuating nothing against the character of the inhabitants of this remote spot, who, so far as I have come in contact with them, are in many respects more agreeable than the same class that I left at home. But their flesh and blood must be different, and not so wholesome, in spite of the good game of golf they are putting up. They pretend they like it, of course; though an old resident did say to me night before last, in a burst of confidence, "Winter or summer, it is the vilest climate in the world." It certainly is; it has not one redeeming feature; and it is the wonder of the world that this great and prosperous city should have been built and carried on in the teeth of it.

But at one of the wharfs there lies a stout three-masted schooner, about two or three hundred feet long, with solid decks and strong spars and everything snug and shipshape. Upon her central mast is a placard announcing that the vessel will proceed on the first of October to the Klondyke; fare for the trip, \$200 each passenger. Now, were the rest of the citizens of this town like me—which fortunately for themselves and the world they are not—that schooner would not be big enough to carry them—for they would all be going; she would have to be at least five miles over all by three-quarters of a mile beam, and half a mile depth of hold. They talk about Klondyke being a hard climate! Why, after my fortnight here, I would loll in seventy below Klondyke zero like a Moslem in his paradise, and nothing should persuade me that I was not reveling in Sybaritic luxury. You might have all the gold; I should need no gold there, for I should have a contentment which no gold can buy. Seventy below!—delicious thought; make it a hundred and seventy. Think of that clear, dustless, pure, frozen air; those vast polar silences and solitudes. I believe I will take passage on that boat. I will apply at once; she is so small, and there are so many people here. No more tropical Septembers for me; henceforth I will never sleep or eat out of arm's reach of a snowbank.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

It must be great fun for good-tempered men to read the efforts that are being made to prove that the high price of wheat is due to the principles and performances of the Republicans, the Democrats, the free silver men, the Socialists, or any other party to which the respective would-be provers may chance to belong. Why not argue that it was because of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, or the decisions of the Council of Trent, or the fall of Babylon, or the fall of Adam? To any one not blind to everything but his own hobbies it is as distinct as the sun on a cloudless day that wheat is high because it is scarce everywhere but in the United States, and although it comes high the world must and will have it. Had the last general election been carried by the Prohibitionists, the Theosophists or the woman suffrage party the great demand, and consequently the high price, would be the same as now it is. Had our crop been small we Americans would have gone out into the world to purchase enough to make good the domestic shortage and the country with a surplus, no matter whether its form of government had been republican, monarchical, Mohammedan, or every man a law unto himself—were its currency gold, silver, cowry

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shells, or glass beads, we would have paid the price and the sellers would have chuckled gleefully.

HARD GOLD, AND EASY.

The difference between the two kinds of gold-mining is shown by some recent operations in the State of New York. The precious metal is said to have been discovered near Saratoga Springs, and as one of the prospectors who staked a claim is already a millionaire and also a hard-headed man there would appear to be something in the report. Saratoga Springs can be reached in six hours from any one of six large cities, and in early September any penniless man in the State could walk to the new gold field in a week. Yet the railroads in that section of country report no increase of traffic, nor do the newspapers of the State accord the subject more space than they would give to a small fire or a street fight between tramps. The reason is that the Saratoga gold is not in the dirt, from which any one might wash it, but in veins of rock; the deposit may be worth more than all the dust and nuggets in the Klondyke, but while it requires capital to extract it, it will be of no more general interest than a vein of iron ore.

WHO HAS THE GOLD?

What becomes of all the gold is as puzzling a question as what becomes of all the pins; it is also far more interesting, in view of some difficulties the United States have had in getting gold to keep up the reserve during the last two or three years, although the world's output of new gold increases rapidly and steadily. Some light is thrown on the subject by the Russian government's recent order that the gold reserve must equal at least one-half the outstanding notes, now aggregating almost five hundred million dollars, and be fully equal to all additional note issues. This makes our own hundred million reserve seem small; from a country which a few years ago had scarcely any gold and has still the reputation of issuing new paper in enormous quantities, it indicates that Russia has been steadily draining gold from other nations, great (and monopolized by the government) though the quantity from her own mines is known to be. Yet Russia has been but one of several tireless gold-buyers in the last three or four years.

THE TWO CANALS.

If the report is true that Englishmen are to take the Panama Canal off of French hands—and even if the report is untrue, yet remains uncontradicted—our politicians of all parties will have something entirely new on which to air their views and to keep them from much mischief which otherwise they might do. As it has been generally asserted in the United States that the Nicaragua Canal, should it be made, ought, with its approaches, to belong entirely to us, it would follow logically that the Panama Canal when completed by British capital should belong to Britain, which of course would never, never do. The subject affords so much opportunity for spread-eagle oratory that all political parties will struggle for the choice of sides, and those who lose will be decried as traitors and as sly pocketers of British gold. Fortunately, no power can attempt to maintain possession of the route from ocean to ocean until the canal itself is dug and open to trade, and there are high engineers who insist that that time is as far distant as the millennium.

FAURE AT PETERHOF.

The Paris correspondent of the London "Times" writes as follows about the scene at Peterhof, an illustration of which is to be found on another page: "M. Faure, like the Doge of Genoa at Versailles in 1684, might certainly say that what surprised him most at Peterhof was to find himself there; but, whereas the Doge went to Louis XIV, as a suppliant, M. Faure has been received by the Czar as an equal. The feeling, moreover, that the allied powers are equals has undoubtedly much to do with the paucity of flags in Paris and the almost entire absence of Russian colors. Frenchmen feel that the alliance is quite as advantageous to the Russians as to themselves, and some, at least, feel that the balance of obligations is on the side of Russia; for not only has she secured a market for her loans, but France has had to sacrifice to the common interest her championship of Greece and of the Eastern Catholics. It was inevitable, indeed, despite the distance between them, which precluded frontier friction, the absence of commercial rivalry, and the general union of interests and even jealousies in the Far East and in Africa, that France and Russia should at some points have divergent interests or traditions. If France has waived some of these, Russia has not been called on for any perceptible sacrifice."

Hum—"When she told me I was only joking, and that I was a bold, bad humorist, to talk so. I felt highly complimented—could you blame me, dear boy?"

Bug—"Perhaps she was the humorist."

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A SWEDISH TRAVELER IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the young Swedish traveler, has just returned after exploring for nearly four years the unknown or little-known portions of Central Asia, at the expense of King Oscar and some private individuals, especially the late Alfred Nobel and his nephew, the "Naphtha King."

Dr. Hedin left Stockholm in October, 1893. Through the Kirgis-Steppe he went to Tashkent, and during February, March, and April, 1894, he marched over the Pamirs, whose northern plateaus during this season are buried in snow. He had just begun to study the glaciers of the gigantic mountains of Mus-tag-ata when he was obliged by an attack of iritis to go to Kashgar. In June-October, 1894, we find him again on the Pamirs, and this time he completed his investigations on the glaciers. Four times he attempted to ascend the twenty-five thousand foot high mountain of Mus-tag-ata, but only reached twenty thousand feet. After going west to Lake Ishik-kul, he passed the winter at Kashgar arranging his geological collections, maps, and annotations.

In 1895 Dr. Hedin investigated the country between the Kashgar and Tashkent Rivers, and on April 10 he left Merker to cross the dreadful desert of Takla-Makan to the Khotan River, a task which nobody had attempted before. The caravan consisted of four men and eight camels. Until April 21 they could get water by digging, but eastward nothing but sand dunes were to be seen, and Dr. Hedin ordered his men to take water supplies for ten days. The natives, however, took only four days' supply. It was thirteen days before water was found, and almost all the caravan succumbed; only Dr. Hedin, two men, and one camel reached the Khotan River, and most of the baggage was lost.

Dr. Hedin was obliged to return to Kashgar, and sent to Europe for new instruments. By October he had crossed and mapped on five different routes the high and difficult mountain ranges limiting the Pamirs to the east. On December 17, 1895, he left Kashgar for the last time, went to Tashkent and Khotan, descended the Khotan River three days, continued through the desert eastward, and followed the Keria River to its terminus in the sands, whence the desert was crossed to Shah-yar, on the Tarim. In these regions very important discoveries were made, especially two old towns, now buried in the moving sands, with many paintings and sculptures, proving a high culture in ancient times. Wild camels were found in great numbers. Only two days were passed without water. Then he continued down the Tarim, the complicated river system of which was mapped, and thence to Karashan, Korla, and Lake Lob-nor, the position of which is thus finally ascertained.

From Lob-nor Dr. Hedin returned to Khotan at the end of May, 1896. Here he rested for a month, and then went to Tibet, crossing the Kwen-lun mountain range by a new path south of the Kogra gold fields. With fifty camels, horses, and asses, ten men, three dogs, and twelve sheep, he crossed the northern highest plateau of Tibet in two months. Not a single human being was seen, but every day the traveler found great herds of wild horses and yaks. All this unknown region was scientifically investigated. Four large and nineteen small salt lakes were discovered. The largest

one was so considerable that the caravan went four days alongside its shore. As most of the animals succumbed little by little, the caravan made for Tsohangol (Tokha), and found the first Mongols. Dr. Hedin then went through all Tsaidam and north of Koko-nor to Sining, where he was hospitably received by the English missionary, Mr. Ridley. In Tsaidam the caravan was threatened by attacks of Tangut robbers. But all went well, and in Sining the Mohammedan rebellion was just finished. From Liang-cheo Dr. Hedin crossed the Ala-Shan desert on a new route, making a curve via Fu-ma-fu and down to Ning-sha, where he met with Swedish missionaries. Through Ordos he went quickly to Pao-tu (Bautu), and thence via Kwei-hwa-chung to Pekin, which he reached on March 2, 1897, after a very hard winter journey. He rested only twelve days in Pekin, then he returned through Mongolia via Urga to Kiachta and further to the Siberian railroad, which he found at Kluchi, a village to the east of Kansk. On May 10 he reached his native town, Stockholm, where he was received in a very flattering manner by the king.

Dr. Hedin's description of his long journey is to be published in Swedish and probably in English, and will be richly illustrated. The scientific results are to be elaborated afterward.

AGAINST THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

The recent victories of the frontier tribes of India over the British forces in the Upper Swat Valley lends special interest at this time to the following account, by an English correspondent, of the clans that have been and are still liable to be concerned in a concerted movement against their British rulers: "The Pathan clans, ever since the annexation of the Punjab in 1850, have been a smoldering trouble alike to British interests and to British influence throughout the whole of Northwest India.

"The Pathan race is generally taken to include the Afghans proper as well as the dwellers in the serrated valleys along the Indian frontier, but in its actual signification the word is applied only to the tribes which inhabit the frontiers of Balkh and Afghanistan, of which the principal are to be found in the Hazara and Rawal Pindi districts, and in the great Swat Valley, where they hold the mountain fastnesses, and descend from time to time to make raids on passing caravans. This race of people is split up into a number of clans, each boasting its distinguishing customs and following its appointed leader. All are fine men, brave, and even fearless, and blood-thirsty in their tastes. They are impatient of control, devoid of discipline in the European sense of the word, and yet always ready to combine for mischief or against the hated British rule. These clans are numerous. Their names would fill a column, but the most important and powerful in number are the Orukzai, the Afridi, the Yusufzai, and the Waziri, all inhabiting the Swat Valley and its surrounding heights, which they have annexed by right of conquest. For many years these peoples were kept on a more or less peaceful footing owing to the influence of Abdul Ghafur the Akhoond, who, having had opportunities for studying the English, professed a friendly feeling toward them, and succeeded in keeping the warlike instincts of the people in check; but Abdul died early in 1879, and since his restraining influence disappeared the Pathans—the Afridi more especially—have given trouble, and it is these people who are leading the rising at the present time.

"The Afridis, like all the Pathans, are a fine race, big in stature, intelligent and brave. They are, however, cruel and dishonest, and possess the reputation of being the greatest robbers in Northern India. Major Matheson, who had exceptional opportunities of studying these people, speaks of them as being avicious and unfaithful, their fidelity as guides being only measured by the length of the purse of their employer and the number of his party. Their womenkind are handsome but immoral, and both the men and women are shameless, cruel, and treacherous. Colonel McGregor terms them the most cold-blooded, treacherous robbers on the border. In their every-day existence the women perform all manual work, the men devoting themselves to holding the passes of Khyber and Kohat and imposing tribute on the caravans which pass through.

"The Khybari, who are the immediate neighbors of the Afridi, are a collateral branch of the clan, and differ from them somewhat in appearance, though sharing their attributes. They are lean in person, with gaunt faces and high cheek-bones. They are, however, exceptionally muscular, and even fiercer than their neighbors of the Swat. Their costume is picturesque, consisting of dark blue tunics fit-

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ting close to the body and reaching to the knee, and large turbans of the same color.

"The Yusufzai are one of the largest of the Pathan tribes, and number close on a quarter of a million. They inhabit the Swat and Buner Valleys to the north of the Mahaban range, and are more peacefully disposed than their neighbors. This fact is doubtless largely due to the fact that a considerable proportion of the tribe dwell in the lowlands to the south of the Hazarno mountains, which are under British rule.

"The Waziri rival the Afridi in their warlike instincts. They dwell in the mountains on either side of Bannu and Dour, and occupy the greater part of the ranges between the Miranzai and the Gomal passes. The Waziri make frequent raids on the main caravan route between Afghanistan and Central Asia, which passes through their territory, and have more than once desolated the Bannu Valley. In one respect these people differ from their neighbors in their deep veneration for Mahomet, and they will never injure a true believer. They are, however, haughty and bloodthirsty, prone to plunder, and reckless of shedding blood.

"The Orukzai are really a Pathan tribe, but they have for years intermingled with the Afridi. They are to be found at home in the hills south of Peshawur and in the Hungoo Valley. It was these people who led Nadir Shah and his cavalry through Chura and Tirah to Peshawur when the principal roads were occupied by the British troops sent out against him."

THE NEW ELECTRIC CAB.

The electric cab, which has become, during the last few weeks, a more or less familiar object in the streets of London, is in every way an improvement upon the equine-hauled vehicle. Its form, as shown in our illustration, partakes rather of the nature of a brougham than a four-wheeler, and while it caters for two persons may not unfitly be compared to a coupe. In the convenience and comfort afforded, the electric cab is an improvement on everything that has preceded it. Its spaciousness, spring seats, self-closing doors, extra windows, and, above all, the arrangement for lighting the interior with electricity, are alike excellent in the convenience afforded to the rider; but it is rather with the motive power than the build or fitting of the new vehicle that we have to do.

The electric current is supplied from a series of accumulators which are placed beneath the seat, but entirely disconnected from the frame of the vehicle. These accumulators, which comprise forty cells, are carried on a tray suspended between the wheels. The cells are capable of propelling the cab distance of fifty miles at a speed of ten miles an hour. The motor is placed behind the cab and adjacent to the accumulators, the connection between the two being effected by a countershaft.

ADA REHAN IN ENGLAND.

Against the dearth of novelty at the London theaters last week was set the welcome reappearance on the English

stage of Miss Ada Rehan, at the head of Mr. Augustin Daly's company, for a round of visits to the chief provincial cities. The tour was inaugurated by a performance of "As You Like It," given in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial Fund at Stratford-on-Avon. It was intended that the play should be given in the open air, in the gardens of the Memorial Buildings, upon the fringe of the very Forest of Arden wherein the poet's characters "fleeted the time carelessly as they did in the golden world"; but the clerk of the weather intervened, and before many lines of the opening scene had been spoken the rain came down so heavily that players and audience agreed to transfer themselves to the Memorial Theater. This enforced change of stage was unfortunate, for it involved scenery that went awry and an evident ignorance of the geography of the mimic Forest of Arden on the part of the actors. But the fine art of Miss Ada Rehan soared above all distracting conditions, and gave to the audience a Rosalind "of all sorts enchantingly beloved."

MOUNT BELLEW FAIR.

Ireland has of late enjoyed the spectacle of her future monarch, and among the vast crowds which assembled whenever it was known that the Duke and Duchess of York would be passing might have been seen many strange and picturesque ancients, clad in the old garments which are only seen to-day in comic cartoons, and marked by those characteristics peculiar to the Irish people. From Mount Bellew Fair, in Galway, come our snapshots, and one and all of the types pictured might have sprung from the pages of *Lover of Lever*. You note the high cheek-bones, the bristly whiskers, the long upper lip, the twinkling eye. Nor is the coat with high waist and short tails lacking. We only need a shillelagh to complete the picture. By the way, how curious is the derivation of this same word "shillelagh." Shillelagh was a barony in Wicklow notable for its wonderful oak trees, and the word thus came to indicate first an oaken sapling from the famous groves, and then any stout and handy stick that might be used as a cudgel. The habit of carrying and using a shillelagh is fast dying out, for *autre temps, autres meurs*, and the Irish schoolmaster does not take foreign trips to the extent that he once did. Free fights at fairs, too, are almost things of the past; in fact, the chief survival is the custom of hard drinking, a custom not confined to Ireland.

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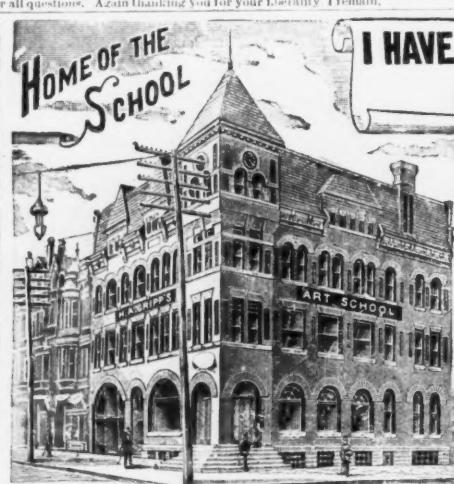
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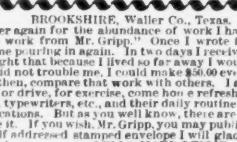
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Brookshire, Waller Co., Texas.

On the beginning of my letter I want to thank you over and over again for the wonderful of your school. I have been to you for a week now. I wrote for

the work to see if I was sick and could not finish the work rapidly enough. I received none for a week only and then it came pouring in again. In two days I received

not any work, but I am so glad I can say they were mistakes. Oh! dear Mr. Gripp, I can never show you how I appreciate your goodness. Some of my friends thought that because I lived so far away I would never come back, but I am doing very well enough to do that much work. But then, compare that work with others. I am at home in a comfortable room, sitting at my easel, and in the evenings, during the Summer I take a long walk, horseback ride, or drive, for exercise, come home refreshed and not worn out from my day's work. Now look, on the other side, at the millions of shop girls, seamstresses, school teachers, typewriters, etc., and their daily routine of hard labor. No, I would not change with any of them. I am not afraid to go to you for help, and I am sure you will be the truth when they do tell you. If you wish, Mr. Gripp, you may furnish this letter and perhaps it will influence some one. If any one wishes to ask anything concerning the school and will enclose a self addressed stamped envelope I will gladly answer all questions. Again thanking you for your liberality. I remain,

Your grateful student.

FELIA MAUD LFSLE.

I HAVE WORK FOR YOU AT YOUR HOME.

Read the following very carefully, it will keep yourself and your home.

PAYING EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR HOME.—Explanation.

I have agents in every State of the Union and Canada, also in Europe, who sell my portraits and stories with Crayon Portraits which they give to their customers as premiums. I am under contract to furnish two of our leading magazines with Crayon Portraits; one magazine in New York with 20,000, and the other in Washington, D. C., with 40,000 14x17 Crayon Portraits. I have many additional contracts. My experience has been, for the last few years, to teach good, reliable parties at their houses, and send my work to them or let them come to my studio.

HOW CAN I DO IT?

In the first place I teach them my own method, so as to depend upon getting good work rapidly, thus saving money for myself.

It is easy — still can learn it. I have found it

you have to take up a branch of my work, which consists in the making of Crayon Portraits. These portraits are pictures which my agents, magazines, etc., send me to enlarge, and are copied in Crayon by the aid of my copyrighted print system.

YOU CAN SEND YOUR PRINT BACK JUST AS SOON AS YOU CAN FINISH IT.

If you have the time, finish it the first day, and if fairly done I will return the print the same day with a box of work, and payment for same. You do not need to spend all day, but only one hour, or even less after I have taught you. I have agents in every State of the Union and Canada, and a big salary. This is the reason I offer my work to agents, etc., cheaper than others, and I have agents in every State and Canada, and at the same time you can make fair wages from the start.

An ordinary person can earn eight to sixteen dollars weekly.

Send me your portrait, and I will instruct you how to send your work, and how to get paid for it.

If you will engage with me, and will work faithfully, I have

all the work and more than you can do. I do not ask you to give me ten hours a day of your time, but whatever time you can spare. No matter if you can only afford one hour a day, you do spouse it. The work can be so special talent, and if a person can read and is willing to follow my instructions, I guarantee you success from the start.

I have issued a little book which will instruct you how to send your work, and how to get paid for it.

It is now sold all over the United States and Canada. If you really wish to make some money in spare time or devote all your spare time to the work, send for the book at once and I will send it free of charge.

This is no bogus advertisement but necessary for me to engage

good persons to work for me and a demand for many homes.

To whom it may concern — The signature of H. A. Gripp, German Artist, of this place. It good, I will make every honest effort to carry out all the promises.

W. J. GRIPP, Tyrone, Pa.

German Artist, of this place. It good, I will make every honest effort to carry out all the promises.

W. J. GRIPP, Tyrone, Pa.